

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1915

16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

THE DOOM OF THE DARDANELLES: A BROADSIDE BEING FIRED FROM H.M.S. GLOUCESTER, A FAMOUS BRITISH CRUISER.

91502-W



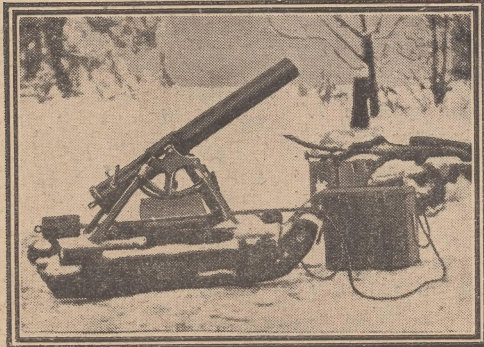
A broadside being fired from H.M.S. Gloucester steaming at full speed. She was at target practice while the British Fleet was waiting off the Dardanelles. The gun's crew is almost obscured by the spouts of water from a burst hosepipe on board.

Hose keep the decks constantly wet to guard against fire. This is exactly how the plucky Gloucester looked when she was chasing and attacking the Goeben and the Breslau, the battleships that Germany sold to Turkey

THE WAR OF MANY GUNS: ALMOST EVERY KNOWN VARIETY NOW IN ACTION.

9331-B

9331-B



A bomb-thrower mounted on sledge.



A mountain defence gun firing in the snow.

In the present war almost every conceivable sort of gun is being used, from 15in. naval guns to mortars. Two seldom seen varieties are shown above.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM'S REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT

Overwhelming Evidence that Maxim Gun Inventor's New Home Treatment is Relieving and Curing Catarrh—Deafness—Ear-Noises—Bronchitis—Asthma—Colds and other Disorders of the Breathing Passages.

REMARKABLE SUCCESSES FOLLOW FREE DISTRIBUTION OF HOME DOCTOR BOOKS.

SECURE YOUR PRESENTATION COPY TO-DAY.

We are able to announce to-day a significant development in connection with the cure of all kinds of Nose, Ear, Throat, Chest and Lung troubles by Sir Hiram Maxim, the Veteran Inventor of Maxim Gun fame.

Everyone who would like to read about this discovery should fill in coupon below (4d. stamp only needed) or send a postcard to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees, Dept. D.B., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

UNABLE TO GET RELIEF.

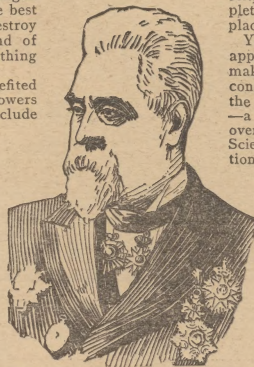
As many know, Sir Hiram had for years been a martyr to Catarrhal and Bronchial affections, and although he had consulted practically every specialist in Europe he was unable to obtain relief.

Tired of seeking advice, Sir Hiram experimented on himself, and was not long in devising a very simple appliance which gave him immediate relief and subsequently cured him of his trouble. To this invention he gave the name of the "Pipe of Peace." Not a "smoking pipe," but a clever apparatus shaped like a pipe, and equally useful to Men, Women and Children.

In a way, Sir Hiram Maxim's new invention is also, like his gun, a killing machine, but of quite a different type. It kills microbes, and is acknowledged by all authorities to be the best method discovered to destroy the germs of Catarrh, and of all diseases of the breathing passages.

Those who have benefited already by the curative powers of this home treatment include sufferers from:—

**CATARRH,
DEAFNESS,
HEAD NOISES,
COLDS &
COUGHS,
ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS.**



Sir Hiram Maxim's discovery has already been supplied by request to WINDSOR CASTLE, and has also been used successfully by:—

The Duchess of Leeds.
The Duchess of Grafton.
The Countess of Powis.

Lord Wallcourt.
Lord Rosmore.
Lord Newland.

Admiral Sir Wm. Kennedy.
General Sir C. H. Smith.
Sir Roper Lethbridge, &c., &c.

Send for your copy of the book TO-DAY, and read some of the wonderful testimony received as to the efficacy of this remarkable cure. These letters have been sent to Sir Hiram Maxim, not only by some of the first of the nobility, by the clergy, and by prominent leaders of society, but also by members of the Medical Profession, and by many thousands of people in all stations of life.

LEARN HOW TO CURE YOURSELF TO-DAY.

If you are, therefore, suffering from any Breathing Disorders, from Catarrh, Bronchial trouble, Throat and Chest affections, Deafness, Noises in the Ears, or even that dread scourge

Consumption in its early stages, send the coupon below, or a postcard to-day, and participate in Sir Hiram Maxim's offer of a presentation copy of the Home Doctor.

FREE COUPON

CUT OUT THIS FORM

Fill in your name and address and send it to-day to
SIR HIRAM MAXIM'S Sole Licensees (Dept. D.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, in accordance with Sir Hiram Maxim's offer, a free copy of the Home Doctor.

NAME

ADDRESS

Thousands have already been cured by using this simple home treatment.

It is Sir Hiram Maxim's wish that all sufferers should have an opportunity of learning how he cured himself and how they can do the same in their own homes without any interference with their daily occupation.

YOUR FREE OPPORTUNITY.

With this object in view an interesting and illustrated booklet called the "Home Doctor" has been written, and a copy will be sent gratis to all who apply for it to-day.

Life-long sufferers, who had already obtained their copy of the free book, are writing every day to express their delight and gratitude at the marvellous recoveries they have made. They say that after a few minutes' use the Catarrh, Cough or Tightness is relieved and the expectorations diminished.

The hearing improves, ear noises gradually diminish. The stuffiness in nose and uncomfortable feeling in throat and chest disappear, and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose stops and bouts of sneezing cease instantly.

An ever increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure of the trouble will take place in a short time.

You may have been disappointed by other methods making similar claims, but just consider the great reputation of the inventor—Sir Hiram Maxim—a name honoured the world over for his contributions to Science and who has had decorations conferred on him by:—

The King of Spain,
The King of Portugal,
The Sultan of Turkey,
The Emperor of China,
The French Govt., &c.



New Strength for the Weak.

New Health for the Ailing.

Health! New health—glorious, vigorous health—is yours to command. What a blessing to be free from that Weakness, Anæmia, Nerviness and that "Run-down" feeling. How splendid to feel new, rich, revitalised blood dancing through your veins—and every fibre of your body thrilling with new life. That is 'Wincarnis' health—the health that 'Wincarnis' creates. And this is the reason. 'Wincarnis' is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker

and a Nerve Food—all combined in a delicious, life-giving beverage. It creates new strength—and at the same time, new vitality—and at the same time, new blood—and at the same time, new nerve force. That is why 'Wincarnis' enjoys such unparalleled popularity amongst millions of people at home and abroad. And that is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend it.

WINGARNIS

is a positive necessity to all who are Weak, Anæmic, Nery, Run-down—to all liable to Coughs, Colds, Chills or Bronchitis—to all suffering from the intense weakness following Influenza—to all martyrs to Indigestion—and to all who are depressed and "out-of-sorts." 'Wincarnis' offers prompt relief, because the benefit begins from the first wineglassful. You can feel it doing you good—you can feel the new, rich blood dancing through your veins—you can feel it surcharging your whole system with new life.

'Wincarnis' is wonderful after Influenza

because 'Wincarnis' speedily banishes that terrible weakness Influenza leaves behind. 'Wincarnis' creates new strength and new vitality and makes you feel so well so quickly. Try it to-day.

All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell 'Wincarnis.'

Begin to get well—FREE.

Send the coupon for a free trial bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good.

Free Trial Coupon

Goleman & Co. Ltd., W 245, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose three penny stamps to pay postage.

Name

Address

D.Mr. 43/15

Gibbs's Dentifrice

"Mummy Uses It"

because she knows how attractive are teeth that are white and polished. And she appreciates the economy and the daintiness of Gibbs's Dentifrice, the solid cake of delicious dentifrice in a dainty aluminium box. Not messy and wasteful like a powder or a cream, but quite soluble and delightful to use, Gibbs's Dentifrice is an effective safeguard against decay and produces a sense of fragrant freshness, which has been described as being

"Like a Breeze in the Mouth."

6d. and 1/- of all Chemists.

Generous Trial Samples of Dentifrice. Cold Cream Soap and Shaving Soap sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps.

Let the children keep the stamps from each package of Gibbs's preparations. An important announcement will be made shortly by D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Dept. BF), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.

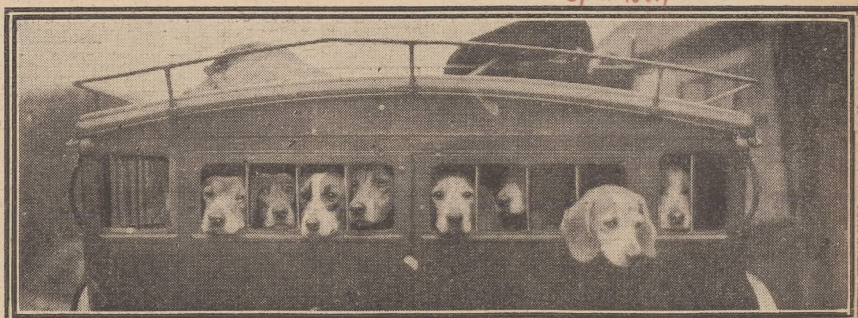
Established 1712.



THERE WERE EVEN TRENCHES AT THE WORCESTER PARK BEAGLES MEET!

Spot 1584

Spot 1584



These two photographs were taken at the meet of the Worcester Park Beagles at Merham. There were many trenches about, dug by our soldiers in training, and

in one picture an officer is seen helping a little follower of the hounds to cross. In the other is seen the arrival of the hounds.

GIRLS HAVE TAKEN TO PUTTEES.

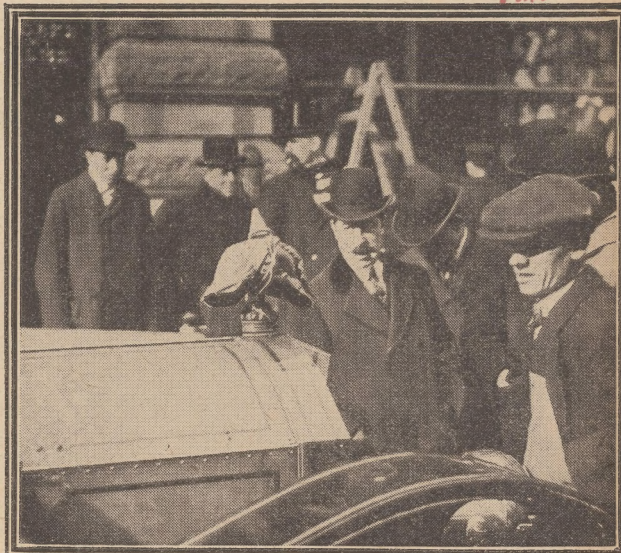
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An interesting study in khaki photographed in Hyde Park yesterday. Women are now wearing khaki dresses and taking to puttees. They will not allow our soldiers to monopolise the popular dress.

HUN'S HELMET USED AS A MOTOR MASCOT.

9840



A motorist who uses a car for business purposes in the West End has a German helmet stuck on the front of his car as a mascot. People often believe that queer things like this can bring them luck.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON AT THE "BAR-CAR."

P. 431 A



The Bishop of London yesterday dedicated the first Church Army bar motor-car in Grosvenor-square. He is seen taking a cup of tea at the bar. These "bar-cars" are going to the front for the material refreshment of our soldiers.

MAKE WAY, PLEASE, FOR THE WAR LORD!

9.32 M



The motor horn which is being tootled by the burly German sounds the Kaiser's own road signal. Its four notes are distinctive, and are not allowed to be used by any other car. Everybody makes way at its sound.

WOMEN'S NAMES IN GREAT WAR 'RACE.'

"Margaret" Leads in Competition to Provide Ambulances.

"SARAH" IN THE RUNNING

A great campaign, which concerns every woman in the country, is now in progress. It is a huge competition to find out woman's most popular Christian name.

Even if you are a Penelope or a Lettice there is a chance for you to be in the winning list. It is for every woman to see that her name, no matter how pretty or popular she may think it to be, is not lost in the depths of obscurity at the very bottom of the long lists of entries.

This competition for women's names was started some time ago by Lady Bushman, the wife of Major-General Sir Henry Bushman, in conjunction with the British Red Cross Society, the idea being that all the Margarets, Marys, Alices, etc., of Great Britain should, if possible, provide a separate Red Cross motor-ambulance for the use of our troops at the front.

Begun in a small way, the scheme grew with snowball-like rapidity. The pressure of work on Lady Bushman's hands became tremendous, and soon numbers of women in different parts of the country began to collect funds under their own Christian names.

RUBY'S PROMINENT.

Thus Miss Ruby Burnaby, of 52, Lower Sloane-street, S.W., started to receive subscriptions from the Rubys of Great Britain, and the Hon. Mrs. Hopkinson, of St. Mary's Lodge, Bloxham, Banbury, to collect for the Mabels.

To-day there are over eighty women all hard at work collecting money to provide an ambulance wagon for our soldiers, which will be called after them and their sisters of the same Christian name.

A fully-equipped ambulance wagon for the front costs £200, so that the different women who are devoting all their energy to collecting funds have no light task before them.

Lady Bushman's scheme has thus become a sort of huge competition—a keen race between the eighty odd Margys and Susans, and Winifreds as to who shall be the first to collect the necessary £400.

This particular campaign to find out the most popular woman's name or names closes on March 31, but, of course, the collecting will go on after that date.

The *Daily Mirror* is able to-day to give the latest figures showing the positions of the leading competitors in the race. The Margarets are easily leading at the present time, while Winifred Alice and Mary are a good second and third.

HOW THE RACE STANDS.

Here is a list showing the most successful names and the women who are collecting for them:

	Amount Collected.
1—Margaret (Mrs. M. Briscoe, Pitmans, London, Worcester).....	£259 16 0
2—Katherine (Miss K. R. Thompson, 87, Victoria-street, S.W.).....	156 0 0
3—Edith (Miss Edith Barry, 12, Elm-street, Wimbeldon Common, Surrey).....	170 0 0
4—Mary (Miss Le Neve Foster, 12, Clarendon-street, S.W.).....	140 0 0
5—Edith (Miss Edith Barry, 12, Gloucester-terrace, W.).....	138 18 0
6—Theresa (Miss H. H. Bainbridge, 11, Wainwright, 11, Wainwright, 11, Wainwright).....	110 0 9
7—Gertrude (Miss G. C. Hue, Pinecroft, Crouch End, N.).....	103 10 1
8—Constance (Mrs. C. Harris, The Homestead, Worcester Park, Surrey).....	83 0 0
9—Cecilia (Miss A. Baylis, 5, Stratton Manor, Micheldever, Hants.).....	67 11 6
10—Louisa (Miss L. Dawson, Woodlands, Crouch End, N.).....	60 0 0
11—Jessie (Miss J. L. Smith, 24, Portland-place, Brighton).....	78 12 0
12—Mabel (Hon. Mrs. Hopkinson, St. Mary's Lodge, Bloxham, Banbury).....	72 15 0

Miss W. Higham, of 4, Herbert-Crescent, S.W., is collecting for the joint names of Winifred and Alice, and has already raised the large sum of £163 16s. 6d.

SURPRISES IN STORE.

Such are the positions of the leading names at the present time. In a few days many of them may have changed places. Thus, Charlotte, now No. 9, may usurp the place of Constance (No. 3), and Elizabeth, third in the list, may oust Katherine from the position of second most popular name in the competition.

From time to time until the end of the month The *Daily Mirror* will announce the progress of the "race" in women's Christian names.

The sweet name of Margaret—the word itself seems to suggest charity and kindness of heart!—is just now an easy favourite. But who knows what Mary and Edith may do?

Among other names which have entered for the competition are Agnes, Annie, Barbara, Dorothy, Diana, Eleanor, Gwendoline, Georgina, Josephine, Joan, Lorna, Molly, Rosamund, Sheila, Lettice (which stands well up in the list with a total collection of £50 up to date), Sarah, Susan and many others.

CIVILIANS AND FLYING FOES.

The Home Secretary has been approached by the Cheshire property owners, asking if civilians possessing firearms and fearing damage to their property would be at liberty to fire on hostile aircraft.

He replied that no persons should fire except those really qualified to distinguish between hostile and English flying men.

FROM THE KING'S HANDS

His Majesty Presents Prizes to Winners at Thoroughbred Horse Show.

RECIPIENTS IN UNIFORM.

The King and Queen and Princess Mary, all looking very well and happy, were present at the Agricultural Hall yesterday afternoon for the Thoroughbred, Hunter and Pony Show.

Later in the afternoon his Majesty presented the prizes, all the recipients of which were in uniform.

When the royal party arrived, shortly after three o'clock, the hall was crowded with sight-seers, including several hundred soldiers on the parade ground. He was met to attention when the King entered the royal box.

Queen Mary was wearing a large hat, covered with small violet blossoms, while Princess Mary looked very pretty in a simple tailor-made costume and a very dainty hat, trimmed with a large white bow and sable-coloured feathers.

When the King left the royal box to present the prizes he had an enthusiastic welcome from the crowd. He was met in the ring by Mr. Chaplin, M.P., and the two chatted and laughed together for some little time.

Birk Gill, a beautiful chestnut stallion, exhibited by Captain T. L. Wickham-Boynton and Mr. H. A. Cholmondeley, won the King's Champion Challenge Cup for the best thoroughbred stallion.

BISHOP AND BAR CAR.

"I Am a Teetotalter, and a Teetotalter Never Refuses a Cup of Tea."

"I hope to be at the front before Easter and to bless our banners," said the Bishop of London (Dr. Wmington Ingram) yesterday when he dedicated a bar car "to the glory of God and the good of his Majesty's Forces."

The bar car is a large motor coffee stall, from which Tommies can obtain tea and coffee and sandwiches.

The dedication service took place in the heart of fashionable London—in Grosvenor-square, and the sound of prayer and hymns coming from the great square attracted many passers-by.

The Bishop was the first soldier to receive refreshment from the new bar car, for he was offered a cup of tea by Lady Strathcona, who formally opened the car.

"I am a teetotalter," said the Bishop, "and a teetotalter never refuses a cup of tea."

Dr. Ingram paid a fine tribute to the Tommies. He said: "Our soldiers are splendid, glorious men."

RETURN OF CLYDE ENGINEERS.

Clyde engineers returned to work in Govan yesterday morning, and Mr. J. T. Brannan, chairman of the executive of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, stated yesterday that this morning all the men in the affected area will, it is expected, be at work again.

"As soon as work is resumed," he added, "steps will be taken to open up further negotiations with a view of securing a renewed and increased offer."

Referring to the suggestion of a "stay in" strike—which means that while the men remain at work they produce as little as possible—Mr. Brannan said: "I should say that a 'stay in' strike or a 'ca-canny' policy is one that does not meet with the approval of the Executive Council and will receive no encouragement."

OLD SOL'S WEAK EYES.

Sun Tells Inquiring Boy He Is Too Aged to See Planet Mars.

LETTERS TO THE SKY.

"I am very sorry I cannot give you much information about Mars. As I am old, very, very old, I cannot see very well, or I should not have to say I could not see Mars."

Such was the reply which a little Wandsworth boy, who entered recently for a London County Council junior scholarship, made the sun give in answer to the following letter which he had written:—

"Dear Sun,—I am writing to ask you if you could tell me if there are any people in Mars, and if the lines we see through our telescopes are really canals. On our earth the astronomers cannot tell, and would like to know. I wish you could tell me. I myself should like to know something about you. On our earth we are in the midst of a terrible war. I wish you would help our side to win, but I suppose you cannot.—Yours truly, Eric."

This quaint correspondence is one of the delightful imaginative efforts of children ten and eleven years of age quoted in the report of the London County Council chief examiner on the examinations recently held for the award of scholarships.

One girl imagined herself to be the first leaf on an oak tree in spring, and wrote from "The Top Twig, Oak Apple Tree, A Sunny Day," asking the sun to give her a companion. The reply, which she also wrote, came from "The Blue Pavement" and was brought by a skylark.

Very brief and quaint is the following:—

"Sun,—You are very great, and give much heat and light." "I know I do."

Another scholar asked the sun to shine at 4 a.m., and made the sun say in reply that the request was "sheer impertinence."

DOGS' HOME AT THE FRONT

Refuge for Lost Canine Pets—How 'Prince' Found His Master in Trenches.

A home and refuge for lost dogs belonging to soldiers at the front and for those that have been turned adrift amid the wreck and ruin of war has been established in France, at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

There they are well cared for, free of charge, by the R.S.P.C.A. until they are claimed by their owners.

A day or two ago the secretary of the R.S.P.C.A. received the following letter from one of the society's inspectors at the front:—

"I found yesterday a fox terrier without a home. He was wet and shivering, and probably had been left by refugees, as he had a foreign name on his collar."

"I took him to camp, fed him and put him by our camp fire, and to-night he is sleeping quite content on one of my blankets."

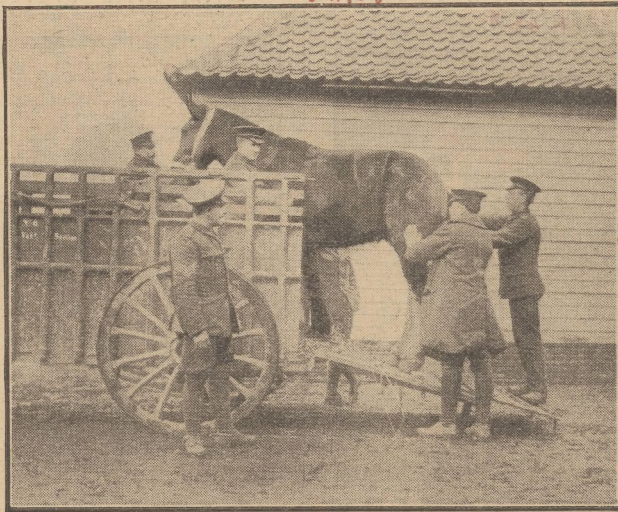
He is now a different dog, and although he is loose he does not attempt to go away. I have seen his dogs I would like to find a home for."

"There have been many other instances during the past few months of homeless dogs attaching themselves to our soldiers of the Expeditionary Force in France," the secretary of the society told The *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"There is a story, which has been verified, about a terrier, Prince, who was missed from his home at Hammermill. His mistress did not dare to write and tell her husband at the front that their pet was lost."

"A few weeks later she received a letter from him, telling how Prince had found his master in the trenches."

4.14095E



The Blue Cross Corps is doing splendid work at the front. Here a patient is seen being placed in a cart for conveyance to hospital.

SPIDER STORY MORAL DRAWN BY JUDGE.

Bruce's Lesson in Perseverance Recalled in Libel Suit.

WAS THE INSECT SCOTCH?

The story of Robert Bruce and the spider was recalled by Mr. Justice Darling yesterday, when the hearing was resumed of the libel action against John Bull, brought by Mr. Douglas Halliday Macartney.

Mr. Macartney had been very persistent in trying to raise a cadet battalion for Kitchener's Army, and after his evidence the Judge put a series of questions to him regarding Bruce, who was encouraged to persevere by a persistent spider.

The libel Mr. Macartney complained of was an article in *John Bull* referring to his cadet battalion scheme. This said:—Macartney should shut up shop, return whatever subscriptions he has received, and offer himself as a recruit for the official force.

Plaintiff told the Court that he had enlisted in the London Scottish, but was forced to leave owing to his health.

The jury awarded him £100 damages, and judgment was entered accordingly with costs.

A DETERMINED SCOT.

Mr. Macartney again went into the witness-box yesterday, and was cross-examined by Mr. Hemmerde, K.C., for the defence.

Counsel read a letter that Mr. Macartney wrote to the War Office offering his services for the organisation of cadets.

The reply said that the age of cadets prevented them from being employed in any military or semi-military capacity.

Counsel pointed out that after receiving this information about age Mr. Macartney sent out a circular saying that he was forming a cadet battalion which it was hoped would go on foreign service.

Mr. Macartney replied that he knew of hundreds of young fellows of seventeen who were at the front. His circular had given over seventeen as the age of his cadet battalion.

LORD ROBERTS'S ADVICE.

Counsel next read a letter from Lord Roberts to the witness. This ran:—

"Dear Mr. Macartney,—I am very sorry that absence from home is preventing my sending a message to the cadet force in time for the meeting."

"I thoroughly appreciate the good work the boys are doing and recognise the real and patriotic spirit, but I think that the idea of forming a special battalion of those over seventeen is a mistake."

"The best possible course, in my opinion, is for cadets to pass from their corps to the ranks of the battalions to which they are allotted as soon as they are too old to remain as cadets."

Counsel asked why the witness persisted in the face of Lord Roberts's advice.

The Judge: There were other people who went on doing what Lord Roberts thought was a mistake.

Mr. Macartney: Determination has all along been a characteristic of my race in spite of opposition.

Mr. Justice Darling then put the following questions to witness:—

You are a Scotchman?—Yes.

Did you ever hear of Robert Bruce?—Was he a Scotchman?—Yes.

Did he have a great difficulty in raising recruits, and did he ultimately get an army that won the battle of Bannockburn?—Yes.

Was he assisted in persevering by a very persistent spider?—Yes.

Up till now the witness had taken his lordship's questions very seriously, but gradually a smile began to spread across his face.

His lordship continued: Was that insect Scotch?

"It might have been; I don't know," replied Mr. Macartney cautiously.

The Judge: Well, it was domiciled in Scotland. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Macartney: Yes, at the time.

"WHITE FEATHER" STORY.

Mr. Hemmerde, when Mr. Macartney had left the box, submitted that there was no libel.

The Judge: A number of people are now devoting their activities to insulting people who are not dressed in khaki. You were not bound to express an opinion about the plaintiff, and if you did you should have exercised care.

With reference to *John Bull's* advice that Mr. Macartney should offer himself as a recruit, the Judge said that he knew of a young man who had lost a portion of his leg and had an artificial foot.

This young man was sitting on a seat at the seaside when a woman with a white feather came up and abused him for not having enlisted.

The effect was deplorable on that young fellow. He was only there because of his foot, and would have enlisted if possible. Such imputations made in print might do even more harm.

WAR SLUMP IN SWISS WATCHES.

Basle, March 3.—Statistics relating to Swiss trade between August 1 and the end of December, 1914, show that imports during that period diminished 50 per cent. compared with the corresponding five months of 1913. Grain and copper were among the items which decreased.

The total exports fell 40 per cent. There was an increase in the export of vegetables and aluminium, but cotton and watches decreased, the latter being seriously affected.—Central News.

CONSTANTINOPLE TERROR-STRICKEN BY HUNDREDS OF ALLIES' BG GUNS

Turkish and German Banks Fearing Forts' Fall Remove Gold.

NINE WARSHIPS FIRING FROM STRAITS.

American View of Blockade Laws Being "Blown to Bits by Submarines."

BRITISH STEAMER'S ESCAPE FROM PIRATES.

Constantinople is trembling.
Already she hears the Allies' thunderous knocking at her door, the knock which forms the prelude to a new era in Turkey.

Once more the bombardment of the Dardanelles forts has resumed by British and French warships, and panic has seized the capital at their imminent approach.

It is now realised by the wily Turk that his German friends are not the world-conquerors they set out to be.

It is realised, too, that the Dardanelles forts cannot resist much longer, and the flight from Constantinople has begun.

Some defence of the capital is being prepared, but it is doubtful if much resistance will be offered when the Allies' warships loom in sight.

40,000 TURKS TO DEFEND THEIR CAPITAL.

Bombardment of Dardanelles Forts Resumed by Allies' Warships.

PARIS, March 3.—Dispatches from Athens state that the bombardment of the Dardanelles forts recommenced yesterday.

Nine of the Allies' warships penetrated the Straits, while four battleships bombarded the interior forts from the Gulf of Saros.

Anxiety at Constantinople is increasing, and the Ottoman Bank and the Deutsche and Wiener Banks have transferred their funds to Konieh, in Asia Minor.

Landing parties have occupied the forts of Kum Kale and Seddul Bahr, from which the Turkish garrisons have fled.—Central News.

TERROR IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Zanib Bey, who arrived at Brindisi yesterday from Constantinople, declares, says a General News Rome telegram, that the people in the Turkish capital are stricken with terror, as they now realise that the Dardanelles defences cannot resist much longer.

The Government has adopted various measures for the defence of the capital, and 40,000 troops have arrived from Thrace.

The authorities greatly fear the intervention of Greece. The Turkish Chamber has been prorogued until September 23.

The panic in Constantinople, according to an Athens telegram, is increasing consequent upon the progress made by the Allied Fleet in the Dardanelles.

WILL THEY LEARN GOOSE-STEP?

Three Turkish princes, says a Reuter Amsterdam message, have been admitted to service in the German Army.

They are Abdulrahim-Hairi, Abdul-Halim and Osman-Pasad.

The German newspapers state that Captain von Konitz, captain of the reserve of the 2nd Regiment of Uhlans of the Guard, has been appointed Extraordinary Military Attaché to the German Legation in Teheran.

WILL BULGARIA MOVE?

SOFIA, March 2.—The bombardment of the Dardanelles is being followed with the greatest interest here and forms the general topic of conversation.

Some political circles are inclined to think that the bombardment will be continued until decisive results are attained.

It is even admitted that the Allied Fleet will force the Narrows.

In that case it is considered that Bulgaria ought to reconsider her position and to take sides with the Allies, so that she may by timely co-operation assure herself of the realisation of her aspirations.

The Press is devoting a great deal of space to the bombardment.—Reuter.

"WE WILL PASS."

PARIS, March 3.—M. Clemenceau, writing in the *Homme Enchaîné*, says:—

"We will pass through the Dardanelles, because we refuse to entertain the idea of defeat in our plans; we will pass because we have

cided to do so, and because we have the military strength and the invincible resolution which will make it triumphant.

We will pass because there is in us a power that nothing can conquer, and to sum up, we will pass because we shall be opposed."—Reuter.

WATCH—WAIT BLOCKADE.

NEW YORK, March 3.—The *Times* in an editorial article declares that Mr. Asquith's statement that the measures to be taken to prevent commerce with Germany "will be enforced" is the essence of the announcement.

"If that is the intention it might as well have been called a blockade," says the journal; but the Premier was at pains not to use the words blockade and contraband.

"Plainly, it is not a paper blockade. The Allies do not forbid trade with Germany; they say they are going to prevent it."

"The presence and position of a force rendering access to a prohibited place manifestly difficult and dangerous" is enough to constitute a legally binding blockade.

"The prohibited place in this instance is the entire German coastline."

ALL PORTS BANNED.

"The maxim that blockaded ports must be specified has been sufficiently complied with when all the ports of the enemy's coast have been put under the ban, and the question of the distance of the blockading squadron from the invested coast is not vital."

"If Great Britain and France maintain a squadron of sufficient force to prevent all ships from going to and coming from Germany the blockade will be effective, and therefore binding."

The *Herald*, in an editorial article referring to the British reprisals, says that every great conflict has brought changes in the conditions of war and a revision of the rules of war.

It points out that during the Civil War it was the United States which first proclaimed the right to exercise a virtual blockade of neutral ports in order to prevent the importation of supplies by the Confederates, and adds: "The submarine has blown the existing laws of blockade to smithereens."

The rules of war are being remade, international law is in the remaking. The wisest course for neutral nations just now is watchful waiting."—Reuter.

CHASED BY SUBMARINE.

AMSTERDAM, March 3.—A Dutch newspaper reports from the Hook of Holland that the steamer Wrexham, which arrived last night, was followed by a submarine as far as the Maas Lightship.

Several mines were also passed.—Reuter.

"COULD TRUST GENERAL HERTZOG IN DARK."

General Smuts Reminds Hertzog What De Wet Said—"Shyness and Silence."

In the Union Parliament on Tuesday, says a Reuter Capetown message, General Hertzog moved the resolution of which he had given notice for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the causes of the rebellion.

He declared that, in spite of their shortcomings, the names of General Verster and General De Wet were the names of the men in Africa.

He emphatically asserted that the rebellion was due to the Government's policy, stating that at a meeting of officers of the Union Defence Force prior to the special session of Parliament last September the plan of the German expedition was submitted to them, when all the officers protested against it.

Reverting to the Steyn-Botha correspondence at the outbreak of the rebellion, General Hertzog read sentences from one of General Botha's letters which, he claimed, suggested that President Steyn should not speak. These, he considered, applied to himself as well. Moreover, he telephoned to the Government placing his services at their disposal if required.

"SAY."
Mr. Merriman thought that General Hertzog as a Constitutionalists must disagree with the rebellion, but he had been shy over the matter.

He moved an amendment in favour of a Select Committee to be appointed by the Speaker to inquire into the causes and circumstances which led to the recent mutiny and armed rising and the circumstances attending the outbreak of the rebellion.

General Smuts said that he welcomed an inquiry and accepted Mr. Merriman's amendment.

"LOUD-MOUTHED."

He thought that General Hertzog was not aware of the seriousness of his position. For some years he had been the most loud-mouthed politician in South Africa, but lately he had been the most silent.

General Hertzog had been first appealed to by arch-rebel Maritz. A cry of horror greeted Maritz, and when General Hertzog's name was associated with him the country asked him to speak.

He had not yet spoken. General De Wet said that Hertzog could be trusted in the dark. Hertzog was still in the dark, although to-day he had the opportunity of coming into the light of a clear conscience.

One of the primary causes of the disasters which had come to the country sat in Parliament. (A Voice: "Why is he here?")

General Smuts answered, "Let us be patient a little longer. Darkness won't always be here."

Sir Thomas Smartt said that in one of the greatest trials in which men could be placed, General Botha put his sacred word, his honour and his duty over an above every other consideration.

General Hertzog, in reply, declared that even now he had no intention of repudiating the rebellion.

Mr. Merriman's amendment was adopted by sixty-seven votes to thirteen.

Wessel Wessels, says a Reuter Bloemfontein message, has been committed for trial on a charge of high treason.

"SWEEP THE EAST COAST CLEAR OF ALIENS."

M.P. Demands the Removal of Every Man, Woman and Child.

"That, in the opinion of this House, it is desirable that the whole administration of the Acts and regulations concerning aliens and suspected persons during the war should be centred in the hands of one Minister, who should be responsible to the House."

This resolution was moved in the House of Commons last night by Mr. Joynton Hicks, who pointed out that at the present moment there were at liberty in London 16,000 enemy aliens of military age.

He did not say they were all spies, or that they were all dangerous, but it was impossible to say which of them would be dangerous in the event of a raid.

Mr. Joynton Hicks, continuing, said he alleged that the police had been sent to find employment for alien enemies.

Mr. McKenna: That is not the case. The police were only sent to verify statements of interned prisoners that they could get employment if released.

LORD KITCHENER'S "SANCTION."

Mr. Joynton Hicks said there was a large number of alien enemies in places not prohibited areas on the east coast. He could not believe that these people were there with Lord Kitchener's sanction.

He demanded that the prohibited area should be cleared of every alien—man, woman and child. (Cheers.)

Mr. James F. Mason seconded, and declared that the division of responsibility which existed was very wasteful and even dangerous.

Mr. McKenna declared that the whole responsibility lay with the War Office. For a short time the Home Office dealt with the question of the release of aliens, but Lord Kitchener had resumed that responsibility.

Nothing would now induce the War Office and the Admiralty to surrender their intelligence departments.

There were full powers to deal with all cases of suspicion. It was impossible in the existing state of affairs to treat enemy nationality as an offence.

MANSIONS OR WORKHOUSES?

Mr. Butcher will to-day ask whether, in view of the fact that many of our own wounded officers and men are housed in places not so commodious and not so completely fitted with all modern appliances and comforts as Downing Hall, he will transfer the German officers and their highly servants to other quarters, and will give directions that Downing Hall shall in future be occupied by wounded officers or men belonging to our own armies or those of our Allies.

Ronald McNeill will ask whether the Local Government Board will take steps to provide accommodation in workhouses for prisoners of war, and thus obviate the necessity for spending public money in adapting and furnishing country mansions for that purpose.

VICTORY AND POTATOES.

AMSTERDAM, March 2.—One of the most burning questions in Germany at present is that of the potato supply, and the optimistic speech which Baron von Schorlemer, the Minister of Agriculture, made in the Prussian Diet has, therefore, been keenly criticised in the middle class and Socialist Press.

The *Welt am Montag*, as quoted by the *Forwards*, says:—

"The Minister 'believes' that potatoes will last for the winter; 'reasons' properly. Everything, he says, points to the existence of still great stocks, and, moreover, everything has been done to further the cultivation of the spring crop of potatoes."

How can a Minister of State treat such a question, in such a manner, a question on which victory and the whole German Empire may depend. At this moment there must and shall be nothing but security. There must and shall be such quantities of potatoes in May and June at a reasonable price as will enable the entire population to live.

The journal then goes on to recommend the confiscation of such quantities of potatoes as would be sufficient for the population in May and June.—Reuter.

KING NICHOLAS'S YACHT SUNK.

The following official telegram from Cettinge has been received by Sir J. Roper Parkington, Consul-General for Montenegro:—

"On Tuesday, at 3 a.m., five Austrian warships entered the Port of Antivari and bombarded both town and port."

Some valuable stores were burnt and the royal yacht, which was at anchor, was sunk. One civilian was killed and several wounded."

RUSSIAN VICTORY IN THE CARPATHIANS.

Slopes of Mountains and the Ravines Strewn with Austrian Dead.

ALLIES HOLD LINE.

The Austrians have been dealt a smashing blow by the Russians in the Carpathians. In the centre, in the Rabbia Radziejow district, south of Przemyśl, the mountain slopes and the ravines are strewn with the Austrian dead.

Many of the Austrian units were wiped out to the last man.

In revenge for their defeat at Prasnysz, says a Reuter Petrograd message, the Germans are vainly bombarding Ossowiec.

TO THE LAST MAN.

PETROGRAD, March 2.—An official communiqué from the Headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief says:—

On the front between the Niemen and the Vistula our troops yesterday continued the offensive.

North-west of Grodno our troops are making successful progress. The enemy, offering a stubborn resistance, had taken back beyond the line formed by the villages of Mankowce, Ratiez and Rakowice.

The enemy is continuing the bombardment of Ossowiec with shells of very large calibre.

Between the Pissa and Rozogor Rivers, north and north-west of Lomza (our troops are developing their offensive, and are approaching the Myszyniec-Kolno road.

FURIOUS BATTLE.

In the Prasnysz district the enemy, pressed by us, is retiring precipitately on Janow (on the frontier) and Mlawa. Our troops are also conducting a successful offensive on the sector between the Vistula and the district south of Rodzanow (east of Plock). On the left bank of the Vistula there is no change.

In the Carpathians, the Austrians, bringing up large quantities of artillery on Sunday, delivered a vigorous attack, but without any result, on a district of forty miles between the rivers Ondawa and San (south-east of Jaroslaw). Already on the day before dense columns of Austrian infantry were concentrating within rifle range of our positions. Their first attacks were directed that night and at dawn on Sunday in the district of Tworline, where, however, the Austrians suffered enormous losses.

In the centre, in the Rabbia-Radziejow district (south of Przemyśl), an extraordinarily stubborn and furious battle raged on Sunday. The enemy's desperate attacks often ended in hand-to-hand fighting. His losses were exceedingly great. All the slopes of the mountains as well as the ravines are strewn with Austrian dead. Many of the enemy's units were annihilated to the last man.

In the region north of Stropko the enemy last night delivered six attacks in massed formation, but were on every occasion driven back by rifle and machine-gun fire. After having repulsed the sixth attack our infantry charged with the bayonet and killed over 1,000 Austrians, who disappeared from our positions.

The total number of prisoners taken by us in the last few days is 1,500.

A fresh attack on Hill 902, near Koszowka, was repulsed, and the enemy who invaded Eastern Galicia were driven back.

On the roads leading from Halicz (on the Dniester) to Stanislaw the Austrians suffered a considerable defeat, after which they fell back. Near Stelce we captured seventeen officers and 1,250 men, with four machine guns.—Reuter.

FRENCH HOLD FIRST LINE OF Foe'S TRENCHES.

Allies Maintain Their Progress Everywhere— Fierce British Attacks.

PARIS, March 3.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

There is nothing of importance to add to yesterday evening's communiqué.

In Champagne we hold the whole of the first line of German trenches from the north-west of Perthes to the north of Beauséjour, and at several points we have progressed beyond this line.

The progress at various points reported yesterday evening is confirmed. This progress has been maintained everywhere.

There has been a cannonade in the Argonne. On the rest of the front there is nothing to report.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, March 3.—An official telegram from the German Main Headquarters in the western theatre says:—

Near St. Eloy, south of Ypres, an attack by two British companies was repulsed after sanguinary fighting at close quarters.

Near Peronne a French aeroplane landed owing to engine trouble. Both airmen were captured.

French attacks in Champagne failed, and the French were again thrown back into their positions with severe losses.—Reuter.

THE HEAVIEST POLICEMAN.

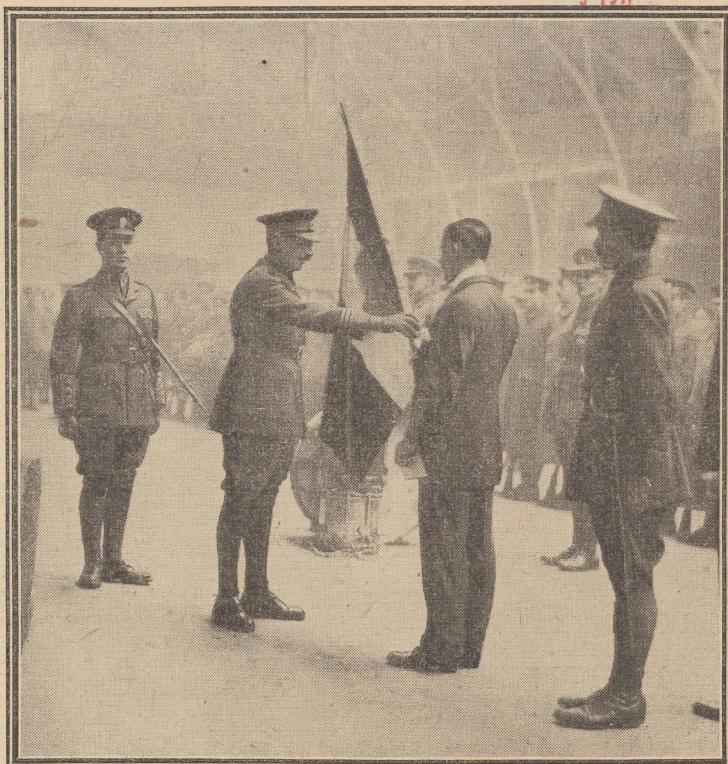
P.19063



Wrexham boasts of the heaviest policeman in the world. He is P.C. Elias Davies, and weighs over 24st. He is a great favourite with the Wrexham children, and is seen chatting with one of his little friends.

LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE HAS HUNS' FLAG.

S.1911



The London Rifle Brigade yesterday received a fine gift. It was a flag captured from the German trenches. The flag was seized by a British corporal about twenty yards from the advanced German trenches. It is a home-made flag, but had been flying for weeks, and is much riddled by bullets.

PUMPING TRENCHES DRY.

S.1931 D



A British soldier pumping out water from one of our trenches during a lull in the fighting. Pumps are almost as important as bayonets.

IN THE "WOOD OF TERROR," A PLACE THE GERMANS FEAR.

S.1911 K



Some of France's African troops mustered round one of their shelters in a wood that is likely to become famous in military history. The wood is trenced and wired with barbed entanglements. The German positions are just outside. From the wood they have been repulsed again and again.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1915.

MR. ASQUITH'S CALL.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN a terrible thing if at a time like this the national endeavour, the national will, had failed to find at its service men and leaders sufficiently determined to represent it and to make it everywhere effective. It is the day of strong men—the need for them is paramount. However much that general will had been stretched towards action, it would still have been useless had we not found the leaders we need.

We think there can be no doubt that strong men by good fortune have been found to make our striving effective, in this year of the great decision. Without strong leaders the nation cannot act; without the nation's eagerness strong men can do nothing; the two must play into each other's hands in the immense task before us. And every now and then, from one of our leaders, must sound to the nation a call that shall be a summary of all that remains to be done.

It is Mr. Asquith, holding the chief place, who has most effectively expressed the will of the nation, and also given it stimulus by his speeches, since the war began. His words in November as to the means and object of our fighting were written up everywhere, as they deserved to be: he repeated them in a speech worthy of the best traditions of English eloquence in the House of Commons on Monday. That fine speech was, as we hinted, at once a response and an appeal. It made audible much that now strives for hearing; but, better still, it urged our people to gird themselves with more resolve than ever for the end to be achieved.

What I said early in November, now after four months I repeat to-day. We have not relaxed nor shall we relax in the pursuit of every one and all of the aims which I have described. These are great purposes, and to achieve them we must draw upon all our resources both material and spiritual. On the one side, the material side, the demand presented in these Votes is for men, for money, for the fullest equipment for the purposes of war. On the other side, what I have called the spiritual side, the appeal is to those ancient inbred qualities of our race which have never failed us in times of stress—qualities of self-mastery, self-sacrifice, patience, tenacity, willingness to bear one another's burdens, a unity which springs from the dominating sense of a common duty, unflinching faith, inflexible resolve.

Those words come just at the right time; for now is the moment when "staleness," and the sense, not so much of discouragement, as of a mechanical pursuit of the end, are dangers likely to be felt. Many people are in the mood when it seems to them that the ball is set rolling and that it will roll on and on till it "gets there somehow," through force of the initial kick. But no, there is no such easy way out of it! Each step has to be walked by living men, machinery will not cover the road without that constant support of the "spiritual side," to which Mr. Asquith made, we must say, a noble, an unforgettable, appeal. These newer words of his are as deserving of commemoration as the former ones. Equally with those, and as effectively, they are the rallying cry for us all.

The nation cannot fail to answer them. And meanwhile it is at least something to know that we have in Mr. Asquith a leader who speaks through the House of Commons as worthies of old time did—in such a manner as to be heard far beyond those walls, wherever men of our race work for the common end. That Mr. Asquith can so well call upon us for the "patience and tenacity" that are claimed for us as inbred qualities, is no doubt because, in himself, he exhibits those qualities admirably. All of us are determined not to fail him and his fellow-workers, any more than in these few memorable months to come there is likelihood of their failing us.

W. M.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

FRENCH WOUNDED EMERGENCY FUND.

IT IS sometimes difficult for us in England to realise the heavy burden France is bearing in providing for the needs of the thousands of wounded from an army incomparably larger than our army now in the field. The French Government is grappling gallantly with the problem, but some of the poorer military hospitals often lack necessities.

The French Wounded Emergency Fund, which has been approved by the Anglo-French Hospitals Committee, does not attempt to found new hospitals or to provide ambulances; that work is already performed by the admirable French Red Cross Society. It merely endeavours to

Evelyn Wyld, addressed to our headquarters at 34, Lowndes-square. Cheques should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Hon. Cyril Russell, at the same address.

DORREN LINTHOGOW, E. MARION BRYCE, CONSTANCE CRAWFORD, ELEANOR CECIL, E. RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

"THE LITTLE APRON."

THE LETTER of "A Mere Man" raises an interesting question. When any particular fashion is really pretty why should women allow it to die out? The little apron that most men admire so much is an example. So far as that is concerned, the only apparent reason is that these little aprons were more or less copied and

PROBLEMS OF RACE.

How the National Ideal of Fitness May Be Realised in Marriage.

THE EUGENIC POINT OF VIEW.

MR. ELLIS ROBINSON writes of eugenics as if it were an exact science, teaching that certain actions may be infallibly depending on to produce certain definite results. He says: "It merely makes one regret that the noble traits in their characters were not perpetuated, etc., etc."

I am afraid this assumption is not supported by facts, for the cases where the "great men" are referred to are so few that they make a muddle of their conjugal affairs are rather numerous.

I believe I am right in saying that such a champion of eugenics as Dr. Saleeby admits that the ultimate test of a man's fitness for marriage is whether or not he is capable of falling in love. Nature, ever "careful of the type," eliminates her own unfit by rendering them incapable of any permanent affection. These may be "good and great," and yet eugenically unfit. T. J. M.

UNSELFISH BACHELORS

MUCH, indeed, has, and will continue to be said concerning bachelors and their selfishness and unselfishness, but when alarming troubles, financial and otherwise, for "troubles come not single spies, but in battalions," assailed me, the first words I uttered were, "Thank God! I am a bachelor," for, like a martyr, I can and will bear up against my troubles, be they what they may, whereas, had I a wife and, perhaps, children I loved, I should doubtless have succumbed to overwhelming grief at helplessly witnessing their wants and sorrows, which I might be unable to assuage or alleviate.

A wife might soothe one, but this is a chance or risk I never dared to encounter or venture upon. Have not others felt like me? And what would you call it—selfishness, a selfishness, cowardice, or what? Many great and good men have been and are bachelors, and devote their days in continuing to do good and striving after others' welfare.

Our copy-books tell us: "To be of use should be the chief aim of life." Not necessarily to get married only.

MORTIMER SULLIVAN.

THE DIVINE PLAN.

I FULLY agree with "L. S." in her views on marriage. There is nothing on earth so beautiful as a perfect marriage, and whoever bewails her loss of independence in marrying cannot have met her true affinity. Assuredly there is a certain amount of sacrifice entailed on the parts of both husband and wife, but this sacrifice is perfect union both are happy in the mere fact of living together with the loved one, and each is free from trial or suffering—which, by the way, always develops individuality instead of repressing it, as a "Free Woman" seems to imagine. PEPPERED.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 3.—The papaver (poppy) family is a large and valuable one and gives us some of our showiest summer flowers. The oriental poppies should be in every garden, as few plants produce such a gorgeous effect. Any deeply dug soil will suit them. They can now be obtained in beautiful shades of colour—crimson, orange, pink, scarlet and silvery white.

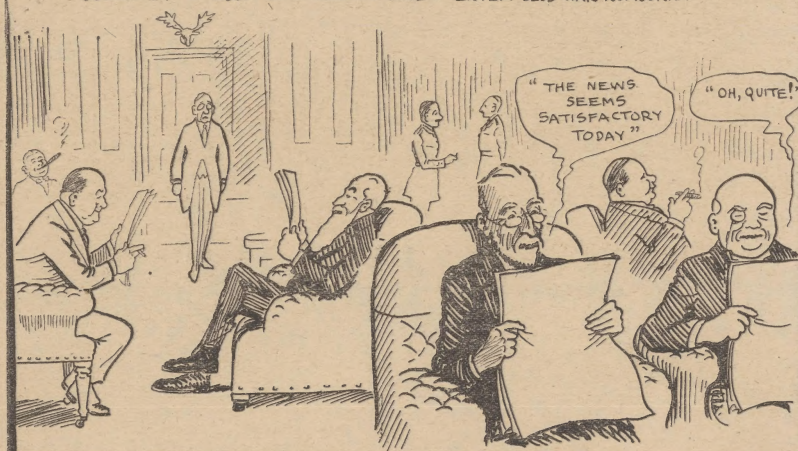
For the rockery, or for massing in beds, the Iceland poppies are most attractive flowers, while Alpine poppies (only six inches tall) are very dainty little subjects. Annual poppies may be sown towards the end of the month, in sunny positions. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

A great man is he who affects the mind of his generation.—Disraeli.

HOW THE CLUB RUMOURIST DOES HIS WORK.

SCENE I: A ROOM IN A LONDON CLUB—ENTER CLUB WAR RUMOURIST.



SCENE II: THE SAME AFTER THE RUMOURIST HAS BEEN THERE A FEW MINUTES



He enters a room where a few are gathered together, trying to keep cheerful, and at once proceeds to communicate all sorts of dismal gossip which has been heard "on very good authority." Then, having depressed everybody, he goes away. The next day all discover that every word he said was absolutely untrue.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

help the military hospitals now in existence. Twice a week bales containing clothing, blankets, sheets, drugs and surgical instruments are dispatched to Havre and St. Malo. On their arrival at the ports these are received by our voluntary workers, and are conveyed by motor to the hospitals for which they are destined.

Since February 2 we have dispatched sixty-three bales containing 21,000 garments, twelve cases of surgical instruments and drugs of all descriptions. We have also sent out seven trained English nurses and six Red Cross probationers.

At present our work is chiefly confined to the hospitals in Normandy and Brittany, but we are most anxious to do more. Our helpers, both in England and France, are voluntary, so that the working expenses are reduced to a minimum. The cost of sending nurses to France is great, the upkeep of the motors most kindly lent us must be paid, and surgical instruments are expensive. Monetary aid is therefore greatly needed, as well as blankets, towels, sheets, vests, pants, socks, flannel shirts and slippers.

All communications and gifts of clothing should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, Miss

worn by ladies' maids, tea-shop waitresses and theatre attendants.

Surely this ought not to be a sufficient reason?

However, "A Mere Man" may cheer up. On three occasions lately in fashionable houses I have seen girls wearing these little aprons in the afternoon. These girls were sufficiently sensible to wear what looks attractive, regardless of fashion. Their reward for their independence is the approval of all "mere men." H. S.

NIGHT WIND.

The wind is wild to-night—The little wood, exultant, shouts and sings; Out in the dark the sky is full of wings In swift mysterious flight.

To-night the wind is high, Roaring o'er spaces, sobbing round dim eaves, Sweeping the heavens with clouds and scattered leaves.

But in four walls am I, Some night the wind will call, And I shall leave the house that holds me fast, And follow, follow through the skies at last, Nor e'er come back at all. —TENSIE HOOLEY.

YOUNG HUNS BRING POTS AND PANS TO SCHOOL.



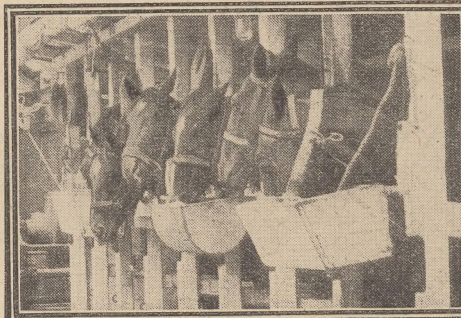
This photograph illustrates Germany's copper famine. Owing to the shortage of copper in the Fatherland, the schoolteachers have been instructed to tell their scholars to bring all the copper articles they have at home to school with them. The photograph shows the result of one day's collection. The German mothers are not pleased at having to part with all their copper utensils and ornaments. Why cannot Germany get copper, they say, since the British Fleet has been driven off the seas?

WHERE MY CARAVAN HAS RESTED.



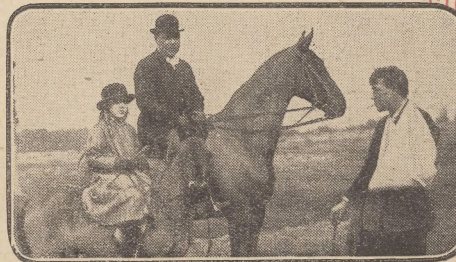
A number of caravans have been brought into use throughout the country for convalescent soldiers. This photograph, taken in Sussex, shows a merry party enjoying the fresh air.

GOING TO SERVE BRITAIN.



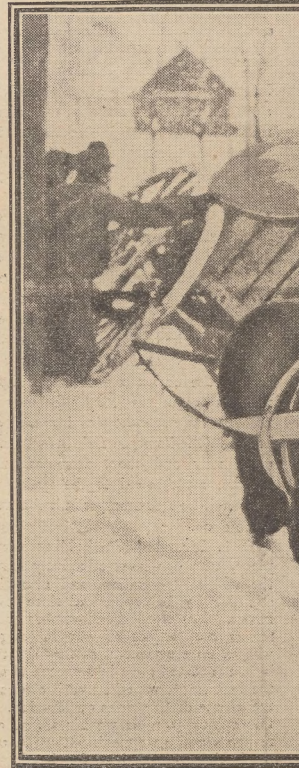
These horses, photographed on board a transport, are on their way to the front, where they will serve their country well.

WOUNDED BELGIAN AT HUNT.



Lady Irene Pratt, daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness Camden, talking to a wounded Belgian soldier at the meet of the Eridge Foxhounds at Eridge.

SNOWBOUND:



Here is an Austrian ammunition wagon stuck in the snow. Ammunition and stores to the front in such conditions are a great problem for the Austrians in their fight.

WON LIBEL ACTION.



Mr. Douglas Halliday Macartney, son of Lord Macartney, who was yesterday awarded £100 damages in a libel case against a newspaper.

VED HIS SHIP.

P. 17063



lt. Mayes, R.M.L.I., who extinguished which was imperilling the magazine of Kent during the Falkland Islands action. He is to be decorated.

TRIAN CONVOY.

P. 11903 A



Bringing up ammunition and stores great difficulty to the Austrians.

MISS MARY MEYNELL.

P. 5171 B



Mary Meynell, who is to marry shortly on. Evelyn Boscawen, eldest son of Mount Falmouth.—(Val L'Estrange.)

TURKS THAT GERMANY SOLD INTO BONDAGE.

P. 1123



A thousand Turkish and Arab prisoners and forty-seven Turkish officers, including the late Governor of Busra and his staff, being brought direct from the field of Furna, where they surrendered. They are seen in the photograph being transported to Rangoon. The paddle steamer coming alongside the transport did some good work at the front. She carries two eighteen-pounders on the forward end of the top deck. Many of the Turks are not sorry to be captured. They have no heart in the war.

FOR USE BY HIGH FLYERS.

P. 16064



Miss Dudley, of the Royal Flying Corps' Aid Committee, checking the contents of parcels sent in for use by our gallant flying men.

THROWING HAND GRENADES.

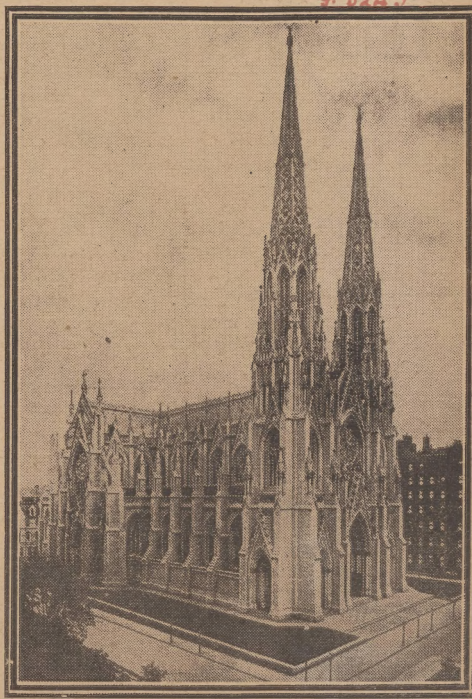
P. 323 B



British "Tommies" in the trenches practising throwing the hand grenade. These are said to be almost as dangerous to the thrower as to the enemy.

A PLOT TO WRECK A CATHEDRAL.

P. 624 F



Several men were arrested in New York on Tuesday in connection with an Anarchist plot to wreck St. Patrick's Catholic Cathedral. The cathedral is one of the finest in America.



Imagination

IT is recorded of Michaelangelo that one day, seeing a great block of marble in a quarry, he said, "Send that to me, I see an angel in it."

The anecdote serves to remind us once again of the close connection that exists between a quick imagination and extraordinary ability.

Every true work of art, every invention, every action that departs from mere imitation is, in fact, a greater or lesser feat of imagination.

A child's imagination should therefore be developed rather than stifled, and a Night Light take the place of punishment when the child's untutored faculties, uncontrolled by experience and reason, run riot from fear of the dark.

PRICE OF NIGHT LIGHTS

(93 Awards)

SAFE—ECONOMICAL—EFFICIENT.

The Largest Sale in the World.

ROYAL CASTLE OR CHILDS'

For Small Light.

To burn in a saucer containing water.

PALMISTINE STAR.

For Medium Light.

To burn in a glass holder without water.

CLARKE'S PYRAMIDS.

For Large Light and Heat.

The only lights suitable for use in

CLARKE'S PYRAMID NO. 7 VERY LAMP

and FOOD WARMER

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

C. & Co.



SECOND-HAND FURNITURE EQUAL TO NEW.

THE REMAINING PORTION OF 230,000 of genuine high-class Second-hand Furniture, Carpets, Bedsteads, Bedding, and Enire Effects of the Hotel, removed for convenience of sale, order of the Managers. NO REASONABLE OFFER WILL BE REFUSED. FOR CASH ONLY.

Full particulars, send Photo Illustrated Catalogue, sent free on application. Goods selected at once will be stored free till required or delivered packed and forwarded to any part of the world. THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME.

CONTENTS OF 120 CLOSETS. Solid oak bedroom suites, complete, offered at £3 15s. 6d. Solid oak bedsteads, fitted with springs, mattresses, at 12s. complete. Large chests of drawers at 7s. 6d. China toilet sets, 2s. Elegant design art bedroom carpets, 10s. 6d. Upholstered lounge easy chairs, 12s. 6d. Spring seat upholstered box ottomans, 14s. 6d. Solid oak overmantels of unique design, 15s. Elegant Adams design mirrors, 9s. 6d.

THE DINING ROOMS, Reception Rooms, Smoking Rooms, Drawing Rooms, etc., comprising a splendid collection of modern and antique furniture, a magnificent set of dining-room furniture in carved brown oak being offered complete for £19 10s., and another complete set in mahogany for £10s., exceptionally low prices.

Several hundreds of carpets, quite as new. Quantity of dinner and tea services, electro and Sheffield plate, cutlery and other odds and other items too numerous to mention to advertisement.

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PONIES AS STREET COLLECTORS.



Two ponies which collected on behalf of the Blue Cross League in London yesterday. This league has done splendid work in alleviating the sufferings of our dumb friends at the front.

£5,000 FOR PICTURES OF THE WAR.

"Daily Mirror's" Record Offer to Amateur Photographers.

SEND SNAPSHOTS NOW.

£5,000 for amateur photographers!

The offer made by *The Daily Mirror* last week of £1,000, £250 and £100 for the first, second and third most interesting photographs of a war happening has proved to be so attractive to amateur photographers everywhere that we have decided to set aside a further £3,650 to be paid for more war snapshots.

This additional sum of £3,650 will be paid out in various amounts, week by week, as the photographs appear. There will be a large number of handsome payments for the best snapshots published each week. All photographs used will be well paid for.

£1,000 will be paid for the most interesting snapshot published by the Editor between now and July 31. £250 will be given for the second most interesting photograph and £100 for the third.

The additional sum of £3,650 makes *The Daily Mirror's* offer the most remunerative yet submitted for the consideration of amateur photographers.

Films will be developed free. Senders' names will not be disclosed. This offer does not apply to photographs received through picture agencies or from professional photographers.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final, and the copyright of photographs bought under this arrangement will be vested in *The Daily Mirror*.

Send all your war snapshots to *The Daily Mirror*, Boulevard-street, London, E.C.

LEEK AS WELSH GUARDS' BADGE.

The leek, not the daffodil, is to be the badge of the new Welsh Guards.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve the following—

The badge of the Welsh Guards shall be the leek.

The dragon shall be emblazoned on the King's colours.

The motto shall be "Cymru am byth" (Wales for ever).

The leading company of the first battalion shall be denominated the Prince of Wales's Company in the same way as the leading company of the 1st, or Grenadier, Guards is denominated the King's Company.

'TWENTY GIRLS AFTER ONE FELLOW.'

"Then there were twenty girls after one fellow," said the magistrate at West London Police Court yesterday, when Millie Vince, Fulham, was summoned for assaulting Elizabeth Barton. Prosecutrix had explained that as she was coming out of a place of entertainment she spoke to a young man, and defendant then became jealous and struck her in the mouth. There were about twenty girls round her at the time.

One witness said that prosecutrix promised to give the defendant two black eyes.

In binding both the prosecutrix and defendant over to keep the peace, the magistrate remarked, "So many young men have gone away to the war that young men are getting scarce."

OLD SOL'S WEAK EYES.

Sun Tells Inquiring Boy He Is Too Aged to See Planet Mars.

LETTERS TO THE SKY.

"I am very sorry I cannot give you much information about Mars. As I am old, very, very, old, I cannot see very well, or I should not have to say I could not see Mars."

Such was the reply which a little Wandsworth boy, who entered recently for a London County Council junior scholarship, made the sun give in answer to the following letter which he had written—

"Dear Sun,—I am writing to ask you if you could tell me if there are any people in Mars, and if the lines we see through our telescopes are really canals. On our earth the astronomers cannot tell, and would like to know. I wish you could tell me. I myself should like to know something about you. On our earth we are in the midst of a terrible war. I wish you would help our side to win, but I suppose you cannot.—Yours truly, Eric."

This quaint correspondence is one of the delightful imaginative efforts of children ten and eleven years of age quoted in the report of the London County Council chief examiner on the examinations recently held for the award of scholarships.

One girl imagined herself to be the first leaf on an oak tree in spring, and wrote from "The Top Twig, Oak Apple Tree, a Sunny Day," asking the sun to give her a companion. The reply, which she also wrote, came from "The Blue Heavens," and was brought by a skylark.

Very brief and quaint is the following:—

"Sun,—You are very great, and give much heat and light." "I know I do."

Another scholar asked the sun to shine at 4 a.m., and made the sun say in reply that the request was "sheer impertinence."

PENNY POST EXTENSION.

Letters for the territories named below, it was announced yesterday, will now be accepted for transmission at the imperial rate of 1d. per oz.:

Samoa, New Guinea (except Dutch New Guinea), British East Archipelago (comprising New Britain, New Ireland, New Hanover, Admiralty Islands, etc.), the island of Nauru in the Marshall Islands, the islands of Bougainville and Buka in the Solomon Islands, the districts of Lomaland, Misahole, Keite-Krachi, and the part of the Mangu-Yendi district forming the Dagomba Country in Togoland, Basrah and Koweit.

NEVER CAUGHT HIS TAIL.

Amusing evidence was given at West London Police Court yesterday when Charles Keene was summoned for keeping a dog so noisy as to cause a serious nuisance. The summons was adjourned, as defendant said he was getting rid of the dog, which was a bull terrier.

Joseph Solomon, of Campden Hill-mansions, said the dog was kept in a back-yard and barked continually from half an hour to one hour at a time. It ran round and round after its tail and barked the whole time. It was a dancing dervish.

The Magistrate: It never got its tail? Witness: No, sir. The dog would go on barking from 8.45 a.m. till 9.15 a.m., and after an interval go on again.

The Magistrate: Perhaps he stopped for breakfast?

"It got on my nerves," witness went on, "and when I served defendant with a notice the barking ceased for a time, but then recommenced."

WHAT DYSPEPTICS SHOULD EAT.

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE

"Indigestion and practically all forms of stomach trouble are, nine times out of ten, due to acidity; therefore stomach sufferers should, whenever possible, avoid eating food that is acid in its nature, or which by chemical action in the stomach develops acidity. Unfortunately, such a rule eliminates most foods which are pleasant to the taste as well as those which are rich in blood, flesh and nerve building properties. This is the reason why dyspeptics and stomach sufferers are usually so thin, emaciated and lacking in that vital energy which can only come from a well-fed body. For the benefit of those sufferers who have been obliged to exclude from their diet all starchy, sweet or fatty food, and are trying to keep up a miserable existence on gluten products, I would suggest that you should try a meal of any food or foods which you may like in moderate amount, taking immediately afterwards half a teaspoonful of bisurated magnesia in a little hot or cold water. This will neutralise any acid which may be present, or which may be formed, and instead of the usual feeling of uneasiness and fullness, you will find that your food agrees with you perfectly. Bisurated magnesia is doubtless the best food corrective and antacid known. It is not a medicine, and has no direct action on the stomach; but by neutralising the acidity of the food contents, and thus removing the source of the acid irritation which inflames the delicate stomach lining, it does more than could possibly be done by any drug or medicine. As a physician I believe in the use of medicines whenever necessary, but I must admit that I cannot see the sense of dosing an inflamed and irritated stomach with drugs instead of getting rid of the acid—the cause of all the trouble. Get a little bisurated magnesia from your chemist, eat what you want at your next meal, take some of the bisurated magnesia as directed above, and see if I'm not right."

BISURATED MAGNESIA can now be obtained of all Chemists in mint-flavoured or effervescent tablets as well as in the powder form.—(Advt.)



Use these for the Children's Hair

Wash their dear little heads twice a week with Icilma Shampoo Sachets. That's the way to keep their hair clean and nice.

No imitations of these famous wet shampoos can cleanse and beautify the hair so well as this. Icilma Shampoo Sachets are the only wet shampoos that help the hair to grow.

Use them regularly—the children will be proud of their lovely hair in later life and thank you for it. Use them for your own hair, too.

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2d. per packet, 7 packets 1/-, everywhere. Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.

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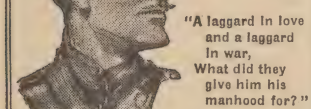
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THIS GREAT STORY MAKES A DIRECT APPEAL TO YOU.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is drowsing in his club-room. He is drowsing not because he particularly wants to, but because he has nothing better to do. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he badly wants rousing out of himself.

Just lately his lady serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham.

As Richard Chatterton's thoughts drift on, he begins to realise more definitely that a shadow of something has begun to creep between them of late. It is very unpleasant, as Sonia—and her wealth—suit him admirably.

It is a very lucky thing indeed, he reflected, that Sonia suited him so well. For it was Sonia's dead father who had bought the family estate, Buralve, when things had gone wrong at home.

As Richard's reflections were interrupted by the sound of voices. From where he sits low down in an armchair, Richard Chatterton cannot be seen in the shadowy light, but he can hear. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague—Montague, who is to be his best man. As usual, they are talking about the war—and Chatterton is fed up with hearing about the war.

Suddenly Chatterton listens more alertly. "Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying; "a great, healthy fellow like he is. He ought to be ashamed of himself."

"Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an heiress with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him."

"He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after..." After a few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton feels as though a stream of ice water had been sprayed down his back. The blood rushes to his face as he recalls the remarks. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He had thought of doing so, he told himself. But he couldn't very well, as Sonia cared for him so much, and the marriage was coming along.

He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. The only question she asks is for the latest news of the war. The shy happiness with which she greets him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for money.

Sonia suddenly asks him why he doesn't let his valet, Carter, enlist. "Have you been bitten with recruiting fever?" Richard tries to say. "No, no. You'll be trying to pack me off next, and Montague."

"Mr. Montague would have gone if he hadn't had that accident," replies Sonia; "he is not a coward."

Richard flushes hotly. It is of no use his staying. He says, "We seem to be getting on very well. When we are married..."

"We may never be married!" interrupts Sonia, though there is something pathetic in the hardness of her voice.

Ruffled and very angry, Richard leaves the house. He is in the mood to have a row with anyone who thinks of Montague; he will have it out with him. But Montague is not in, and Richard sits down to write.

While he is waiting he sees an envelope on the mantelpiece addressed to Montague in Sonia's handwriting. Then the telephone rings, and as no one answers it he takes up the receiver.

To his astonishment he hears Sonia speaking. "Francis," she says, "I'm going to marry you. I love you. I saw Richard to-day, and I can't marry him. Be at the Franklins' dance to-night. I'll come away with you and marry you as soon as you like."

At the dance, which Richard Chatterton attends, Sonia speaks to Montague about her telephone message. To her horror, he tells her that he never had her message. "I haven't been near my rooms since this morning!"

Instinctively, Sonia knows that it was Richard who had received the message. But when he comes to her, sick at heart and realising what he is doing, Sonia, believing Montague to be as good as dead, breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton, blind with jealousy, strides away and runs straight into a man. It is Montague!

matrimony had smiled in his anxious, embarrassed face and told him that he was cut out for a bachelor.

Jardine had believed her. Since then no other woman had ever caused his kind heart to beat a stroke faster than usual. He had trotted contentedly through life, leaving many landmarks of little unobtrusive kindnesses as he went.

He had the wonderful gift of understanding. One glance at Sonia's face had told him that he had stumbled into the very heart of a tragedy when he lifted the curtain dividing the ball-room from the winter garden and found her there with Chatterton.

He remembered with a sort of remorseful chagrin his own conversation in the club that afternoon with Montague. He wished he had not been so downright in his condemnation. After all, none of them knew the real reason for the boy's staying at home. He wondered if something of that conversation had reached Sonia, and was responsible for the pallor of her face and the hardness of her pretty eyes.

In the ballroom a lancers "by request" was in progress. The younger members of the party had rebelled against the eternal waltz and fashionable two-steps, and were preparing to enjoy themselves with a good romp.

It was a gay scene; many of the men were in khaki, and some of the girls had introduced national colourings into their frocks.

Jardine and Sonia stood on the fringe of the crowd for a moment; Jardine glanced down at her.

"You don't care about this, I'm sure," he said. "We'll go along to a cosy little room I discovered, and we'll have some coffee and be greedy all to ourselves."

Sonia flushed—she protested eagerly that she would rather dance—much rather dance, but Jardine only laughed.

"Well, then, I must confess that I wouldn't," he said. "I'm too old for this kind of game. . . . Won't you take pity on me, Miss Markham?"

"If you put it that way—of course." She was really relieved; she would have given all she possessed just then to have gone home and locked herself in a darkened room. The

A message from England's premier dramatist, Sir Arthur Pinero:

"I hope your New Serial will be a great success artistically, and as a stimulant to recruiting."

Sir Arthur Pinero

noise and laughter around them made her feel more lonely than ever. She was alone, there, in something comforting in the protection of Jardine's presence as he guided her through the crowded room and out into the hall of the big house itself.

"I flatter myself that this is my discovery alone," he said as he pushed open a door and stood aside for her to enter.

The room was only firelit; big chairs were drawn close to the cheery blaze; old Jardine began peeling off his white gloves.

"Now what do you say to this?" he demanded cheerily.

Sonia smiled. "I think it's lovely." She sat down in one of the big chairs.

She was conscious of a horrible heartache; the bareness of her left hand without Richard Chatterton's ring was almost a tangible loss which could be felt.

Old Jardine trotted away to the door. After a moment he came back smiling.

"I've told them to bring us a little supper in half an hour. You don't want any? No, sense, my dear—I don't suppose you've had a decent meal for hours. Oh, I know what you girls are."

He sat down beside her. "Jove!" he said suddenly. "I might have asked Dick Chatterton to join us. Shall I?" He was on his feet again, but Sonia caught his arm.

"Oh, please—please not." Her voice was tremulous.

"But, my dear—"

She sat up with sudden determination.

"We've quarrelled—he and I; at least—oh, we're not engaged any longer."

Jardine sat down again. "I'm sorry to hear that," he said gravely—"very sorry." He laid his kindly hand on her lap. "But you'll make it up again," he said hopefully. "It's only a tiff—a lovers' quarrel."

He tried to laugh. "You wouldn't have thought an old bachelor like I am would have known that now, would you?" he submitted.

Sonia shook her head—there were tears in her eyes.

"We shall never make it up," she said in a low voice. "Oh, please don't let us talk about it any more!" But the tears welled over and fell to the lap of her white frock.

Old Jardine could not stand the sight of tears. A sorrow crossed his pleasant face. "If Chatterton is been behaving badly—"

She interrupted him quickly.

"Oh, no, no! It's all my doing—not his! Please don't think that! I broke it off—I broke it off entirely of my own free will!"

A manservant entered with a dainty suppetray; he set it down between them on a small table; he glanced rather quizzically at Sonia and

then at himself—and Montague!

"You won't tell anyone, will you?" Sonia pleaded. She had wiped away her tears with an absurd handkerchief and was trying to smile.

"My dear, of course not! But I shall hope very much to hear that things are all right again."

He rubbed his chin in perplexity. There was an uncomfortable thought at the back of his mind. Supposing this rupture were anything to do with himself—and Montague!

That Montague had long cared for Sonia he was sure; he had known that apart from the bitterness with which Montague had spoken of his rival that afternoon.

The little suppetray party was a failure; neither of them had any appetite, and it was an effort to keep conversation going; both were relieved when it was ended.

Jardine took Sonia to Lady Merriam and went off to find Chatterton. He wanted to rid himself of the unformed suspicion that was troubling him. Supposing by chance anyone had

heard that conversation in the club and repeated it!

Old Jardine cursed himself for a gossiping fool. He ought to have remembered that Montague was, of course, prejudiced. He was genuinely distressed as he wandered round the ballroom and through the many passages in search of Richard. Had he known that Chatterton and Montague were together, he might have been more disturbed than ever, but the encounter between the two one-time friends passed unremembered.

FACE TO FACE.

THERE had been a moment's eloquent silence after that mutual recognition in the doorway. Montague was the first to speak.

"Hullo, Dick, not tired of the fun already?"

"I was looking for you."

There was no trace of anger in Chatterton's voice, but sometimes calmness is more eloquent than a spluttering rage. An anxious glint crept into Montague's eyes.

"Well, here I am. Shall we go and have a drink? I find it a bit slow, not being able to trip the light fantastic. . . . He broke off, struck by something almost threatening in Chatterton's manner. "What on earth's the matter, man?" he demanded irritably.

Chatterton let the curtain fall into place behind him. His grey eyes were steely.

"I don't think there's any need for me to answer that question," he said curtly. "When a man's friend deliberately goes behind his back and plays a dishonourable game. . . ."

Montague lost colour, but he shrugged his shoulders with admirable indifference.

"I don't understand you; you're running your head against a brick wall; if you'll explain what you're driving at—"

Chatterton's hands were clenched, but he kept himself well under control.

"I was in the club this afternoon when you and Jardine were talking. . . ."

Montague started, but forced a smile.

"Well, you know the old saying that listeners never hear any good of themselves, it said lightly. "My dear fellow, we all of us say things behind one another's back which we should never say to one's face. What did I say that was so very terrible?"

"You practically called me a coward; you accused me of sheltering myself behind my coming marriage, from volunteering; and, not content with that, you told Jardine that I was marrying Miss Markham for her money, and. . . ."

"And was I so very much mistaken?"

The thin pretence of friendship was down now. Montague's eyes no longer veiled their hatred and jealousy. "I only said what all London has been saying for the past six

months. Every body knows that without Buralve in the background you would have taken your wares to another market. . . . If that is all your quarrel with me I admit that I did say that you were marrying Miss Markham for her money. You practically admitted it to me weeks ago. I don't blame you—you're not the first man who's done it, and you won't be the last. If that's all your quarrel with me, Dick. . . ."

"And supposing that is not all?" Chatterton demanded fiercely.

There was a moment's silence. Montague shrugged his shoulders with seeming indifference, but he limped a pace or two away, so that there was now a table between him and the man

opposite.

"If it is not—" he said. "You had better tell me the rest. We may as well have it all now you have started. Apparently you include Jardine in this—I always thought he was such a friend of yours. . . ."

"I went round to your rooms this evening—you were out—I don't know if they told you that I called."

"I heard—yes. . . ."

"While I was there the telephone rang. . . . I don't think I need say any more." The colour ebbed slowly from Montague's face, leaving him pale and agitated. . . . Perhaps you understand now how it is that I discovered that the man I believed to be my best friend is a cheat and a liar, and. . . ."

Montague broke out savagely.

"Cheat and liar yourself! Do you imagine that every man is blind fool because you happen to value a heap of bricks and mortar more than the sweetest woman who. . . ."

"You can keep your tongue off Miss Markham's name."

Chatterton was white with rage. Unconsciously he had raised his voice. The curtain at his back was pulled hastily aside and old Jardine entered.

One glance told him the meaning of it all—he interposed his portly figure with anxious haste between the two men, for Chatterton had taken a stride forward.

"Not here, Dick—not here. Have you taken leave of your senses? Do you want a scandal in front of all these people? What on earth are you both thinking of?"

Montague laughed nervously.

"It's Chatterton's doing; he's stumbled on a mare's nest. Overheard some conversation in the club this afternoon, and has taken absurd umbrage. You were there, Jardine. You know what was said. I'm quite willing to apologise. I hate a row."

Old Jardine looked dismayed.

"Overheard—who overheard?" Chatterton asked, looking back at him.

"I was half asleep in the chair. At first I had no intention of listening—afterwards, I admit that I stayed where I was on purpose. I'm glad that I did. If I hadn't I might have gone on being fool enough to imagine that I counted you both amongst my friends."

"I'm more sorry than I can say. We ought not to have spoken as we did." Old Jardine was trying to distract the matter, but he remembered what the worst of the conversation had been. In a flash he realised what incalculable harm they might have done; he was sure now that something of it all had reached Sonia.

Blended on with the best intentions in the world.

"If you will allow me to speak to Miss Markham, I can explain—I am sure she will allow me to explain."

A sudden gleam flashed into Montague's eyes. So this was the explanation of it all—Sonia had broken her engagement with Chatterton. That telephone call had been of great importance after all. A fierce exultance filled his heart.

Her agitation with him that evening was accounted for. She had thrown Chatterton over her head. What a triumph! He had to remember what the worst of the conversation had been. In a flash he realised what incalculable harm they might have done; he was sure now that something of it all had reached Sonia.

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There will be another splendid instalment to-morrow.



Justice Bargarve Deane.

A Popular Judge.

I heard many expressions of sympathy yesterday with Mr. Justice Bargarve Deane, who has been ill for some days past. Sir Henry is one of the most popular Judges, and reckoned among men of law one of the most learned. We all look upon him as an expert in divorce and admiralty law, but he has written a book which should be much in request just now, a handbook of the Law of Blockade.

Why He Turned to the Divorce Court.

I spent much of my day with lawyers yesterday, and I heard some good "Bargarve Deane" stories. When he was a junior in the Admiralty Court he bought a yacht so that he might gain some first-hand experience of seamanship and seafaring ways. Shortly afterwards he let it to a man. That man sailed away in it, taking somebody else's wife with him, and the owner never saw the yacht again nor the rent for it. That, according to the ways of the Temple, is what turned young Mr. Bargarve Deane's thoughts towards Divorce Court practice!

In the Temple.

When I walked through the Temple yesterday afternoon it was hard to realise that I was in the heart of the legal world. There was a tramp of military feet in the square and loud-voiced martial orders fluttered the tame pigeons.

Nipping the Budding K.C.

Men were being drilled in sections. Sergeants got hoarse and red-faced. "Why yer don't know your left leg from your right," said one, and the young barrister to whom he said it blushed guiltily.

A Bored Barber.

I was walking through the Temple because it is the quietest way to a favourite barber's. When I got into the barber's chair I began to hear things. My barber was depressed, and so, it appears, are the lawyers that frequent his shop.

Amongst the "Missing."

Things are very quiet, he said, at the Law Courts. So many witnesses are "missing," that is to say, in one of the Armies—British, French or German—that case after case has to be postponed. Eight hundred young barristers from the Temple have gone to the front, and the old "silks" find things quiet and unprofitable.

Razors and Judges.

"Some Judges like to be shaved in public and some in private," said my barber. "Now Lord Alverstone when he was Lord Chief used to come in here regular. I think he used to think things out while I was shaving him. Now Lord Reading used to be a client of ours"—barbers, like barristers, rejoice in "clients"—"until he was made Lord Chief. Now we've lost a customer."

A Noble Poet.

It is quite likely in the summer that we shall see a volume of Lord Curzon's poems published. The most eloquent of all the peers had a volume of his verse circulated privately some little time ago. Some, but not all of these, will appear in the public volume. Lord Curzon's verses are as polished as his speech.

How Abdul Hamid Sleeps.

Since the Turks took the wrong turning and got themselves into such a mess the leaders of the Young Turk party have gone to Abdul Hamid, the deposed Sultan, and sought counsel, I hear. The cares of State do not weigh so heavily on the old gentleman as they used to, and I daresay he sleeps more soundly than in the days when he earned the title of "The Red Sultan." At that time he had seven bed-rooms, each of them provided with a couch inclined at an angle of about 30deg., so that at the first alarm the uneasy sleeper could be on his feet.

Boards That Warn.

No one—probably Abdul himself included—ever knew in which bed he would pass the night. In the corridor which led to each of his seven sleeping apartments the flooring was composed of loose boards, which moved noisily under the tread of anyone approaching, and so warned the Sovereign of possible danger.

Comfortably Empty.

I was lunching with a man yesterday whose life takes him to and fro across the Channel sometimes two or three times a week, and when he told me that the Channel crossing is getting bad again I thought at first he was referring to the weather. But no, he meant the crowds. For a day or two after the Germans' comic "blockade" began the cross-Channel steamers were what he described as "comfortably empty." Now, apparently, they are uncomfortably full.

No Excitement.

My friend said that he used to get a deal of amusement out of watching the "submarine watchers." Scores of people, he says, used to cross apparently just for the experience, and they stood by the rail during the whole trip looking for enemy submarines. One man was quite annoyed because the journey produced no exciting incident.

Paris in a Bad Temper.

Paris, he says, is getting much livelier now, despite her darkened streets. Apropos of this, it seems Paris has been passing through a period of bad temper. When the order first was issued to cover all lights the Parisian immediately adopted red shades as a preventive against undesirable glare. After a few days the epidemic broke out.

The Reason Why.

Irritation prevailed among the population of the capital. Husbands and wives, mistresses and maids, employers and employees were continually falling out, and after six o'clock in the evening they simply became insupportable to each other. Now Paris has discovered the reason. An eminent scientist has announced that it is all the fault of the red shades. Parisians are recommended by the thoughtful scientist to try green or blue shades.

Maeterlinck Volunteers for the War.

When the war broke out M. Maurice Maeterlinck wrote to King Albert, volunteering for service in the army. But the Belgian Shakespeare is over fifty years of age, and his Sovereign was obliged to decline his offer, at the same time reminding him that in his case the pen was assuredly a mightier weapon than the sword. So the poet set to work to combat Germany with all his ardour, and by articles in the English and French Press and lectures in Italy he has done yeoman service for his country.

Does Not Like Lecturing.

M. Jules Destrée, Deputy of Charleroi, who has just paid a visit to the author of "Vie des Abeilles" at Nice, says he found him looking vigorous and robust, smoking his short pipe as he bent over the proofs of the French edition of his latest book, "The Unknown Guest," which has just appeared in America. Maeterlinck has a horror of lecturing and appearing in public. "Still, if by so doing I can serve Belgium, let me know, and, notwithstanding my repugnance, I'll respond to your call," he said. The "maitre" is ably seconded in his noble work by his charming wife, Mme. Georgette Leblanc, so well known on the French stage.



Mme. Maeterlinck.

and sang several of his poems which had been set to music. At one time she was the leading star at the Paris Opera Comique. I think London saw her last in June, when she appeared at St. James's Theatre as Melisande in Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande."

Her Famous Coat.

Mme. Maeterlinck has a pioneer taste in clothes. She was one of the first women to wear leopard skin furs, and this coat created a great sensation when she first appeared in it, not so very long ago.

Truth Leaks Out.

While official Germany pretends that everything is going just as well as was hoped for, the real truth is gradually beginning to leak out. Apparently things are so bad in Germany that the letters from German women to their husbands at the front are full of the most cheerless complaints imaginable. So melancholy are these letters that they put the men off fighting.

"You Are To Be Cheerful."

This, at any rate, is the moral to be drawn from an article in the officially-inspired *Lokalanzeiger* addressed to women, to which special prominence is given. The article complains of letters containing allusions to household sorrows, dearth of food and sacrifices necessary through war. Women are told to be cheerful and bright in their letters. "As to what is unpleasant, that is the heavy burden to be borne by women, and their share in the war."

Sheep in Ludgate-circus.

Londoners who only see their City from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. have probably never encountered a big flock of sheep in Ludgate-circus. Neither had I until yesterday, when, in hurrying for a train in the early hours, I met scores of sheep scurrying through the almost deserted circus. The flock, being driven, I presume, to market, was holding up several newspaper vans, and a puzzled policeman was making frantic but vain efforts to control the "traffic."

"Which?"

The craze for dressing children in khaki has spread to the clans. I saw a small red-haired boy in the Mall yesterday afternoon wearing the complete uniform in miniature of the London Scottish, and as I passed I heard a little Belgian girl asking her mother very excitedly whether the infant Scot was a boy or a girl!

Not Kind.

And I saw three depressed-looking dachshunds taking a morning airing in the Park. Each had an Iron Cross (penny variety) attached to its collar. I don't think it was respectful—to the dogs.

The Return of Polaire

The wonderful Mile. Polaire is coming to the Coliseum. I say "wonderful" because I know many people who call her the "ugliest" woman alive, and many others who believe she is the most beautiful.

At any rate, we can all agree that she is a remarkable artist with a remarkable personality. I shall never forget her first visit to England—never!



Mile. Polaire.

Seeing the Sights.

She wanted to see the sights, and I showed her some. We went to Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday, and one Thursday afternoon I took her to one of the old matinees at the old Foresters' Music-hall, Mile End. These may sound tame adventures. But if you know the personality and appearance of Polaire you will understand that they were adventures requiring a little nerve.

What She Liked.

The thing that impressed this wonderful woman most—you simply have to chatter in superlatives about Polaire—when she was here before was the effect of twilight on Westminster Abbey. She admired the Englishmen, too, because they were just simple and manly. And she loved the Zoo. "Animals are kinder than mankind," she said.

If You're a Soldier, Try This.

How smartly can you salute? I know an old sergeant drill instructor, once the pride of Aldershot, who declares that a really smart salute in the regulation style should be done in a single second. His own practice is to teach recruits to salute slowly and accurately in five seconds, gradually cutting down the time to one! And he tells his squad: "I once knew a recruit so slack that before he'd brought his hand down the young lieutenant he was saluting had grown into a colonel!"

THE RAMBLER.

Measles and Whooping Cough

Children all like Angier's Emulsion and they are peculiarly susceptible to its soothing and tonic influence. In whooping cough, Angier's Emulsion not only relieves the spasms of coughing and retching, but it increases vitality and enables the child to throw off the disease more quickly and with less danger of complications. For building up after measles and for bronchitis or other chest complications, it is invaluable. Angier's Emulsion is a splendid tonic and builder in all children's ailments. Mothers who have not tried it should write for a free sample bottle.

ANGIER'S EMULSION

"MY CHILDREN AMONG THE FEW THAT HAVE ESCAPED MEASLES."

Dear Sirs,—For your information I feel I ought to tell you how greatly I appreciate Angier's Emulsion. I have three children, aged 8, 6, and 2½, and whenever either shows any tendency to cold, or appears in need of a tonic, Angier's is given, with the result that all is soon well again. My eldest, a girl, was very subject to bronchitis, but this winter has been quite free. Just now, when an epidemic of measles has become very serious in the district in which we live, I am few that have escaped. My wife and I always rely on Angier's for ourselves in case of a cold or cough, and have never found anything so effective. If you care to use my testimonial, you are at liberty to do so.—(Name and address furnished privately.)

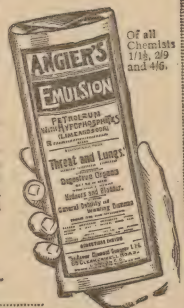
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38 R.S. Fill in coupon and send with 3d. for postage to the

ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., 36 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.



Of all Chemists 1/6, 3/6 and 4/6.

SHOP GIRLS' UGLY HANDS

A Lady Shopper writes—"How regrettable a thing it is that the hands of so many shop-girls (and others also for that matter), often naturally shapely and delicate, are at this season spoilt and made ugly by chilblains and chaps." On our correspondent pointing out, in one case, how utterly unnecessary such a painful disfigurement was, since "New-Skin" (sold by Boots) and all chemists at 7½d. per bottle is a perfect cure for chilblains and chaps—as well as for cuts, scrapes, scratches, and all wounds—the girl said: "I'll get a bottle to-day, but doesn't it dry thingy?" Our correspondent at once pointed out that that was nothing, but that, anyway, a touch of toilet powder over the "New-Skin" just as drying, would make it look exactly like surrounding natural skin.

CHILBLAINS

NEW SKIN is the best thing known; prevents breaking and quickly cures. Also for chaps. Paint it on and forget them. Won't wash off; you can wash over it. Antiseptic. Imitations disappoint. (Per bottle, 7½d.) Boots' 655 shops, and all chemists and stores.

NEW-SKIN

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

relieves the pain of

**Sprains, Bruises,
Rheumatism, Chest
Pains, Sore Throat,
Neuralgia, Headache.**

No matter what causes your pain, a few drops of Sloan's Liniment laid on the affected part will stop it instantly. No rubbing is necessary—Sloan's Liniment goes right to the seat of the trouble, warms and soothes the nerves and tissues, and the pain is felt no more.

South African War Veteran's Experience.



Mr. J. Brown, Albert Street, Townhead, Glasgow, writes:—"I went through the South African war, and for the past two years I have had the three years of hardship and exposure brought home to me with a vengeance. Rheumatism attacked me in all its force, and I have tried everything."

It was not until I discovered Sloan's Liniment that I knew what relief was. A cruel disease has been banished by your wonderful liniment—it seems to act like magic."

Hundreds of people have given their testimony to the wonderful relieving power of Sloan's. If you have never tried it get a bottle to-day from any chemist, 1½d or 2d, or apply for

FREE SAMPLE

Send your name and address and two penny stamps for postage of trial bottle FREE. Wholesale Depot: 86, Clerkenwell Road, London.



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"Their quality is always up to the highest standard, and certainly no other Jellies have the rich fruit flavour of yours. We always know, when eating Chivers' Jellies, that we have something that is really pure."

Grocers everywhere sell them. Write for a daily illustrated Booklet giving many ways of using Chivers' Jellies. Mention this paper. The Orchard Factory, Hinton, Cambridge.

VICE-VERSA IDEAS
OF MME. LA MODE.

Silk and Satin Gowns That Have Trimmings of Cloth.

BRIGHT COLLARS.

Mme. La Mode has some topsy-turvy ideas in her pretty head.

One of her schemes for spring fashions is of the vice-versa order as regards trimmings.

Hitherto a cloth dress or costume has often been trimmed with satin facings, either of black or bright colours, according to taste.

Now, however, the cloth or serge provides a trimming to the silk and satin in some cases, and chiffon sleeves are seen with heavy cloths.

At a well-known Bond-street dressmaker's *The Daily Mirror* saw a model gown of black satin which was quaintly finished off with a deep band of navy serge around the hem of the skirt.

A coat and skirt seen in a Knightsbridge establishment was designed on the same curious lines.

The skirt was of black satin, and was edged with navy blue cloth. The little short coat of

DOGS' HOME AT THE FRONT

Refuge for Lost Canine Pets—How 'Prince' Found His Master in Trenches.

A home and refuge for lost dogs belonging to soldiers at the front and for those that have been turned adrift amid the wreck and ruin of war has been established in France, at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

There they are well cared for, free of charge, by the R.S.P.C.A. until they are claimed by their owners.

A day or two ago the secretary of the R.S.P.C.A. received the following letter from one of the society's inspectors at the front:—

"I found yesterday a fox terrier without a home. He was wet and shivering."

"I took him to camp, fed him and put him by our camp fire, and to-night he is sleeping quite content on one of my blankets."

"There have been many other instances during the past few months of homeless dogs attaching themselves to our soldiers of the Expeditionary Force in France," the secretary of the society told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"There is a story, which has been verified, about a terrier, Prince, who was missed from his home at Hammermith. His mistress did not dare to write and tell her husband at the front that their pet was lost."

"A few weeks later she received a letter from him, telling how Prince had found his master in the trenches."



Parade of young German troops at Berlin. The men will probably take their place in the firing line before long.

the costume was also in navy blue cloth mixed with satin.

While many semi-mediocri collars are being shown on new costumes, other coats have an open V at the throat and a turned-down square diminutive sailor collar at the back.

These little baby sailor collars are seen in bright colours in direct contrast to the black and navy cloth of the costume.

HUNS GONE POTATO MAD.

AMSTERDAM, March 3.—"Potatoes and nothing but potatoes," is the impression which one gains from the various articles in the German Press.

In the *Vossische Zeitung* retailers are complaining that the fixing of the maximum prices threatens to paralyse their business.

"Where is the confiscation of potatoes?" asks Dr. Kuczynski, in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. The writer declares that Germany possesses not more than 16,000,000 tons of potatoes, which will hardly last more than five months at the present rate.

The *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, too, urgently demands a confiscation of potatoes, and points out that sucking-pigs which already have consumed a great quantity of Germany's rye stocks are now daily fed on 70,000 tons of potatoes, which are indispensable for human consumption.—Reuter.

GENERAL IN THE DARK.

In the Union Parliament on Tuesday says a Reuter Capetown message. General Hertzog moved the resolution of which he had given notice for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the causes of the rebellion.

He declared that, in spite of their shortcomings, the names of General Beyers and General De Wet would be great among the people in after years.

General Smuts said he thought that General Hertzog was not aware of the seriousness of his position.

General Hertzog had been first appealed to by Mr. Maritz. A cry of horror greeted Maritz, and when General Hertzog's name was associated with him the country asked him to speak.

He had not yet spoken. General De Wet said that Hertzog could be trusted in the dark. Hertzog was still in the dark, although to try he had the opportunity of coming into the light of a clean conscience.

CIVILIANS AND FLYING FOES.

The Home Secretary has been approached by the Cheshire property owners, asking if civilians possessing firearms and fearing damage to their property would be at liberty to fire on hostile aircraft.

He replied that no persons should fire except those really qualified to distinguish between hostile and English flying men.

JUDGE AND THE SPIDER.

Story of Bruce's Lesson in Perseverance—Recalled in Libel Suit.

WAS THE INSECT SCOTCH?

The story of Robert Bruce and the spider was recalled by Mr. Justice Darling yesterday, when the hearing was resumed of the libel action against John Bull, brought by Mr. Douglas Haldimac Macartney.

The libel Mr. Macartney complained of was an article in *John Bull* referring to his cadet battalion scheme. This said:—"Macartney should shut up shop, return whatever subscriptions he has received, and offer himself as a recruit for the official forces."

Plaintiff told the Court that he had enlisted in the London Scottish, but was forced to leave owing to his health.

The jury awarded Mr. Macartney £100 damages, and judgment was entered accordingly with costs.

Mr. Macartney again went into the witness-box yesterday.

Counsel next read a letter from Lord Roberts to the witness. This ran:—

"I thoroughly appreciate the good work the boys are doing and recognise their real and patriotic spirit, but I think that the idea of forming a special battalion of those over seventeen is a mistake."

The best possible course, in my opinion, is for cadets to pass from their corps to the ranks of the battalions to which they are affiliated as soon as they are too old to remain as cadets."

Counsel asked why the witness persisted in the face of Lord Roberts's advice.

Mr. Macartney: Determination has all along been a characteristic of my race.

Mr. Justice Darling then put the following questions to witness:—

You are a Scotchman?—Yes.

Did you ever hear of Robert Bruce? Was he a Scotchman?—Yes.

Did he have a great difficulty in raising recruits, and did he ultimately get an army that won the battle of Bannockburn?—I believe he did.

Was he assisted in persevering by a very persistent spider?—Yes.

His lordship continued: Was that insect Scotch?—Yes.

"It might have been; I don't know," replied Mr. Macartney cautiously.

The Judge: Well, it was domiciled in Scotland (loud laughter).

Mr. Macartney: Yes, at the time.

Mr. Hemmerde, when Mr. Macartney had left the box, submitted that there was no libel.

The Judge: A number of people are now devoting their activities to insulting people who are express an opinion about the plaintiff, and if you did you should have exercised care.

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GREAT TEA WRAPPER

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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

FOR THE TROOPS

From all quarters we hear the same simple request.

"SEND US CIGARETTES."

TROOPS AT HOME
(Duty Paid)

It would be well if those wishing to send Cigarettes to our soldiers would remember those still in Great Britain. There are thousands of Regulars and Territorials awaiting orders and in sending a present now you are assured of reaching your man. Supplies may be obtained from the usual trade sources and we shall be glad to furnish any information on application

TROOPS AT THE FRONT
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John Player & Sons, Nottingham, will through the Proprietors for Export, (The British-American Tobacco Co., Ltd.) be pleased to arrange for supplies of this world-renowned Brand to be forwarded to the Front at Duty Free Rates.

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LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS—Harry Grattan's "ODDS AND ENDS," directed by Haskins in "Oaks," 8.30. Mat., To-day and Sat., 2.30. Stalls, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d.; bal., 7s. 6d., 5s.; upper circle, 4s.; pit, 2s. 6d.; boxes, £1 1s. and £2 2s.

APOLLO—Evenings, 8.30. **MR. CHARLES HAWTREY** presents **A BUSY DAY**, by R. C. Carton.

At 8. Chas. Cory, Matinee, Wed., Sat., 2.

COMEDY—At 9. **MAT. WEBS AND RATES**, at 2.50. Preceded, at 8.30, by **MR. ERNEST HARRIS**.

DAILY'S, Leicester-square. **EVENINGS**, at 8.30. **MR. GEORGE EDWARDS** presents **A COUNTRY GIRL**. (Special Reduced Prices).

GARRICK—**"EXCUSE ME!"** First Mat., Wed., Sat., 2.50.

GLOBE—Eves., 8.15. Mat., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

KINGWAY—At 8.30. **FANNY'S FIRST PLAY**.

LENNA ASHLEY, HENRY ANLEY. Mat., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LYRIC—Evenings, 8.15. **THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME**.

EVIE GREENE as Dolores. Mat., Weds., Sat., 2.30.

NEW—At 2.30 and 8.30. **THE GIRL IN THE TAXI**.

Mat., Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Tel. Regent 4468.

ROYALTY—**THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME**.

TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.15. **MAT. THURS., SATS.**, at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S—Evenings, 8.15. **THE QUEEN**.

A New Play, by Rudolph Bester. **KINGS**, 8.15.

GEORGE ALEXANDER. Box-office, Reg. 3903.

SAVOY—**TONIGHT**, at 8.45. **MR. H. B. IRVING** in "SEARCHLIGHTS," by A. Vachell. At 8.15.

THE PLUMBERS. Matinee, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.

SCALA—**KINEMACOLOR**. **TWICE DAILY**, 2.30 and 7.30.

FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE. Picture actually taken from Invincible during Falklands Battle.

SHAFESBURY—**THE GIRL IN THE TAXI**.

TONIGHT, at 8. **MAT. WEBS, SATS.**, at 2.30.

Prices, 7s. 6d. to 1s.

SWEET NEEL OF OLD DRURY. **TONIGHT**, at 8.

JULIA NEILSON and **FRED TERRY**. Matinee, Every Wed and Sat., 2.30. Tel. Gerrard 3850.

VAUDEVILLE. **EVENINGS**, 8.15. **GARY MINE**.

VEEDON—**BROOKSMITH, IRIS HOPE**.

At 8.15. Arthur Helmore. Mat., Weds. and Sat., 2.30.

ALHAMBRA—**THE HAMBRA** (including Robert Hale's burlesque pantomime).

Varieties, 8.30. **THE HAMBRA**.

HIPPORHOM—**DAILY**, 2.30 and 8.30. **BUSINESS** AS USUAL. **VIOLET LORRAINE**, UNIFY MORE, CHRISTINE SILVER, HARRY TAP, MORRIS HAPPEY, AMBROSIO THORNE, VIVIAN FOSTER, HENRY LEON, PALACE—OSCAR ASOME and LILY BRAYTON, in "HALL," by Edward Knoblauch (last week), Barclay Gammont, Du Calion, Elsie Southgate, Little Miss June, War Pictures, etc. **EVENINGS**, 8.15. **THE PASSING SHOW** of 1915.

PALLADIUM—8.10 and 8.30. **MATINEE**, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. **ERNEST C. ROLLS** Latest Revue, **VENUS LTD.** **BETTY KING**, TWO BONS, GOODFELLOW and **GREGORY**, COMEDY MEISTERS.

MASKELVINE and **DEVANT'S MYSTERIES**, St. George's Hall, N. DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.15. **THE CURIOUS CASE**, Egyptian Magic.

GREAT SHOW OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL.

Polo, Welch, Shetland and Children's Ponies, Water Jump.

Admission 1s. 2 a.m. to 6 p.m.

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Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

PIANOS—Boyd, Ltd., supply their high-class British pianos for cash, or 10s. 6d. per month, carriage paid; catalogue free—Boyd, Ltd., 19, Holborn, London, E.C.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

ADV Reid's Teeth Service, Ltd.—Cash, 2s. 6d. at hospital prices, weekly if desired—Call or write, Sec. 824, Oxford-st., Marble Arch. Tel., Mayfair 5559.

DAILY BARGAINS.

DRUGS

A BABY'S Long Clothes Set; 50 pieces, 21s.; everything necessary; wondrously beautiful robes; very superior; perfect home finish work; extraordinary bargain; instant approval.—Mrs. W. Max, The Chase, Nottingham.

A Trouseau—24 Nightdresses, Knickers, chemise, petticoats, etc.; 55s. easy payments.—Wood, 21, Queens-sq., Leeds.

BARGAINS in Beautiful Clothing, slightly worn; list, 10 items.—Miss Dupont, 42, Upper Gloucester-pl., London.

S. MONTHLY. Privately by Post; suits, coats, costumes, raincoats, overcoats, gramophones, watches and gifts on monthly payments; boots, 2s. 6d. monthly; list and patterns free; state requirements.—Masters, Ltd., 75, Hope Street, Rye. Established 1869.

Articles for Disposal.

A CUTLERY Service, 50 pieces 25s. All silver plate, 100s. Sheffield knives, ideal wedding outfit, everything required; perfectly new; approval willingly.—Mrs. Howies, 55, Second-avenue, Manor Park, Essex.

A ARTISTIC Dainty China—100 perfect pieces 21s. com. A prising dinner-set for 12, tea and breakfast set for 12, hot-water jug, teapot, and 3 sets of 3 jugs; all to match; each piece thin and beautifully finished; write for free catalogue.—Vincent Fine Art Pottery, 25, Burslem.

CENTURY China Bazaar—Household and Individual Orders at Factory Prices; separate Dinner, Tea, Toilet Sets; beautiful designs from 3s.; Complete Home Outfit, 21s.; 30,000 satisfied customers; Complete Illustrated Catalogue free, "Presents offered; write to-day.—Century Pottery, Dept. 5, Burslem.

Wanted to Purchase.

ANY Old Silver Teeth Bought, any kind, up to 2s. per tooth on vulcanite to £2 on metals.—Bell's, Ltd., Leeds.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth Bought; 5s. to £5 for sets; also all second-hand jewelry, scrap platinum, gold or rock, Mack and Co., 21, Elgin-avenue, Paddington, London.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) wanted; any kind; up to 6s. each pinned tooth on vulcanite, 10s. on silver, 14s. on gold, 35s. on platinum; cash or offers unequalled elsewhere by return of post; goods returned post free if necessary.—Robinson Bros., 92, Market-st., Manchester. (Mention "Daily Mirror.")

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thrive on Vi-Cocoa. It contains all the constituents required for the building of sound bone, hardy muscle, and vigorous brain.

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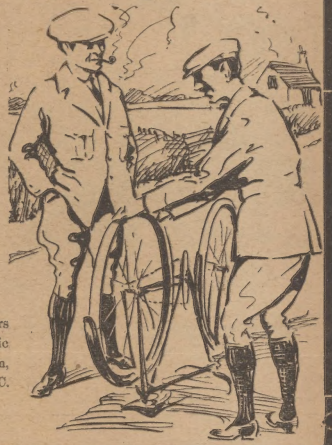
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YOU see this poor fellow. He just ran against an ordinary piece of flint, or it might have been granite, and acquired a cut in his tyre so large that, as he would tell you bitterly, he has no need to take the cover off to get at the tube. His friend, who stands by with a superior smile, is telling him that he shouldn't ride trash. Speaking for himself, he has ridden

tyres for the past 20 years, and can't understand why cyclists patronise any but the original brand. And as for air tubes, he has no ocular evidence that he has any. He says his tubes never see daylight.

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Founders throughout the World of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry, Aston Cross, Birmingham, and 146, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.



ARTIFICIAL TEETH (old).

Bought.—Messrs. Browning, Dental Manufacturers, 65, Oxford-st., London. The Original Firm who do not advertise misleading prices; full value by return or offer made; call or post; Est. 100 years.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH (old) Bought; on vulcanite, up to 7s. 6d. per tooth; silver, 10s.; gold, 12s. 6d.; platinum, £1 15s.; immediate cash or offers.—Call or post, mentioning "Daily Mirror," Messrs. Page, 219, Oxford-st., London. Estd. 150 years. GENT'S Ladies left-off Clothes; old false teeth; good prices.—Great Central Stores, 24, High Holborn, W.C.SCRAP Platinum, Gold, Dental Alloy and Silver pur chased for cash; highest prices by return.—Fraser's (Dewick), Ltd., 2, Princess-st., Ipswich. Established 1853GARDENING. **1/3**—200 Grand Wallflowers, 12 Splendid Gladioli, 1s. 3d.—30 Blood Red, 35 Primrose, 35 New Scarlet, 35 Cloth Gold, 35 Violets, 35 Heracles; 200 plants; flower almost at once; 12 Lovely Gladioli, all free on rail, 1s. 3d.—G. F. Letts, Nurseryman, 139, Huddell, Suffolk. **2/6**—Red, White, Blue: 6 Lovely Rambler; 2s. 6d.—1 New Excelsior, Scarlet; 1 White Dorothy, 1 New Blue Rose, 1 Pink Dorothy, 1 Yellow Rambler, 1 American Beauty Rambler; the above 6 Roses, named, free on rail, 2s. 6d.—G. F. Letts, Nurseryman, 139, Huddell, Suffolk. **1/6**—A Chance in a Lifetime: 1s. 6d.—1 Climbing M. Blue Rambler, all English; 4 Roses, 1s. 6d. free on rail.—G. F. Letts, Grove, 139, Huddell, Suffolk. AVIARIES, POULTRY AND PETS. **PEKINGESE** Dog, thoroughbred, 12 months; owner en listed.—Horace, 94, Hall-place, Paddington. MARKETING BY POST. **CAMEL** Game! Camel! partridges, 3s. 9d.; 3 hazel hen, 3s. 9d.; 2 wild duck, 4s. 6d.; 3 teal, 3s. 9d.; wild duck and 3 partridges; 5s.; 4lb. shoulder lamb and 2 partridges, 5s. 6d.; hare and 2 white grouse, 5s. 3d.; hare and pheasant, 5s. 6d.; all carriage paid; all birds traced.—Frost's Stores Ltd., 279 and 281, Edgware-st., London, W.

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GOOD-BYE, SEA LION.



Keeper Graves pays a farewell visit to his sea lion. More than thirty employees of the Zoo have joined the colours.

NEW CAPTAIN.



Captain Charles A. Fountaine, of the Lion, is mentioned in Admiral Beatty's last and fullest dispatch.

IN UNIFORM.



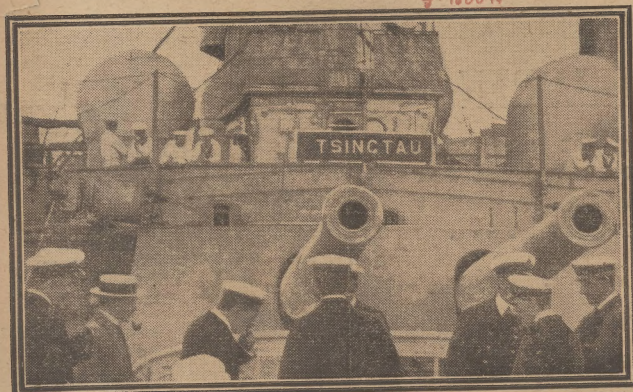
Jabez Wolfe, the famous Channel swimmer, is now a lieutenant in the Athletes' Corps.

THE LAST VOLLEY: BRITISH NAVAL BURIAL AT SEA.



This photograph of a naval funeral at sea was taken on a British battleship at present operating in the East. The firing party is seen firing the usual three volleys after the committal of the body to the deep and the end of the funeral service. A naval funeral at sea is one of the most impressive services in the world.

BATTLE HONOUR FOR BRITISH WARSHIP.



H.M.S. Triumph, which took part in the taking of Tsingtau, now has displayed in a prominent position on board a tablet with the name "Tsingtau" engraved upon it to commemorate the event.

FIRING FROM BEHIND A FARMHOUSE.



Here is one of the big German guns of which so much was heard in the earlier days of the war. It is firing at the Allies from behind a farmhouse. The roof was damaged, but the gun was missed by the shells.